

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2611.—VOL. XCIV.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } By Post, 6½d.



THE QUEEN AT SANDRINGHAM: ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A most unusual compliment has been paid to literature. A burglary has been committed at a bookseller's. Of course, it is not such a subject for congratulation as if the "burgled" individual had been an author; that would have showed "letters" were looking up, indeed; but it will be some time, I fear, before an author's house will be held worth robbing. However, matters are evidently tending in that desirable direction; for hitherto in the eyes of the cracksman books have been held of less account than anything—except, perhaps, manuscripts. "Volumes of great value" have, we are informed, been on this occasion carried off. It would be interesting to learn from what "information received" the burglar made his choice. It is not likely that he was himself a student; Mr. William Sikes does not waste his leisure, far less his time, in "poring over miserable books." The soothing weed, the smile of beauty, gin, and the bull-pup are pleasures which, varied by the intervals of meals, suffice him; it is certain that what he knows of books, and their values, must be learnt at second-hand: how did he learn it? One would suppose from the reviewers.

It is curious and very illustrative of the march of intellect to picture this skilled, but unprincipled, mechanic perusing for the purposes of his violent and criminal profession the periodical literature of his native land. Pipe in mouth, and crowbar by his side, he reads the *Athenaeum*, the *Academy*, and the *Spectator*, probably on the Sunday morning. He marks with his thumb-nail the articles which are favourable—the notices of the books which are worth stealing—but finds very few of them. Later in the day he slouches down to the Public Library (open on Sundays only from two to four, and "no dogs admitted" even then), and runs his eye over the quarterlies. They treat of the subject he is concerned with at great length, but in a still less satisfactory manner than the weeklies. The few books that the latter praised, the former inform him have no value; no new books, they say, are valuable, but only old ones, such as are mostly extinct. There is not a single hint to be gained by Mr. Sikes from the quarterlies; there is a stately panegyric upon something that is out of print; an elaborate essay to show that the popularity of all living authors is undeserved; but of information, estimate, discovery of new talent and literary value, there is not one line. With characteristic recklessness he bursts into an invective against the critics, while at the same time consigning them to a spot where he is almost certain to find their company inflicted upon him at a later date. As he flutters the advertisement pages in his wrath, a catalogue of "Books on Sale," with the prices marked, attracts his eye. "These," growls Mr. Sikes, "are the jockeys for me." He breaks into the shop of the advertiser that very night, and without the least difficulty selects the literary works which are most likely to repay him for his toil and pains.

A gentleman who has discovered "how to live for ever" declines to give the public the benefit of his discovery, on the ground that the time is not yet ripe for it. Nobody, he says, will give any attention to such a subject, treated by one who is still in the heyday of his youth and strength. He is now only seventy-three, and feels the incongruity, at that time of life, of addressing an audience upon longevity. When he reaches the age of the late M. Chevreul, he thinks, will be a favourable opportunity for his first appearance in print. At present, thanks to a well-spent life and the discovery of his elixir (which seems to be a species of embrocation), he is not only young, but skittish. To pretend to antiquity under such circumstances would be mere hypocrisy. At the same time, is not this otherwise admirable resolution of his a little selfish? During the next twenty-five years—a whole generation of human life—a good many persons of his own age, but who do not know how to embrocate themselves properly, will probably (to use language suitable to his own lively vigour) "hop the twig." To delay, therefore, the publication of so immensely valuable a work for mere commercial reasons seems almost immoral, and the more so since its copyright cannot be interfered with. He will not accept the usual forty and odd years, of course; but its alternative, "ten years after the death of the author," which, in his case, will mean for ever. Let us hope he will reconsider the matter.

It is certain that no book would have the pecuniary success of this promised volume, if once the world were persuaded of its efficacy:—

If Life were a thing that men could buy,
The Rich alone would live; the Poor would die.

If "How to live for ever" were a patent instead of a book, prosperous, indeed, would be the company that financed it. The interest excited by the above-mentioned M. Chevreul was solely due to his longevity. The talk about his scientific achievements was mere moonshine. What was felt to be so creditable to him was that at a hundred years old, he retained what is euphemistically termed "the possession" of all his faculties. It seemed somehow that in his person Humanity had achieved a triumph over Time; and what he had done, why should not others do? The young, indeed, were not in the least concerned with the matter; to them life seems over at fifty—and I am far from saying that their intuition is not better than some people's experience; their interest in a cehtenarian is on all fours with that which we feel in a dwarf, a giant, or other monstrosity; but their elders—especially their grandfathers—immensely applauded M. Chevreul, and sent him their congratulations upon his birthday. Curiously enough, he doesn't appear to have appreciated them; he seems even to have thought that the failure of strength which he felt in every fibre of his frame and the remembrance of happier things, when memory was able to assert itself at all, were subjects of condolence rather than of congratulation. A very old man, whose opinion had had in his day great weight, once told me that there was no greater falsehood than the common assertion that

the mind of the old is dulled to the touch of sorrow: "it is only pleasure," he said, "to which we are strangers"; and I notice that in M. Chevreul's case they kept the news of the death of his son (a man of upwards of seventy) from him till he himself had left the world. It is true that a great poet asserts that no one is willing to resign this "pleasing anxious being" and "the warm precincts of the cheerful day"; but it seems certain, from his using those very terms, that he is not referring to persons of mature age. Upon the whole, one can only come to the conclusion that the desire of the already old to become older, to pursue still further the road which Holy Writ, as well as our personal experience, assures us leads but to labour and sorrow, arises from no love of life, but—in spite of all our boastful talk of "emancipation from superstition"—from apprehension of the future.

Unlike longevity, the subject of great wealth has an attraction for the young as well as the old. Without being in that supersensitive state of the Hebrew money-lender who could not even hear of a sum in six figures without an acceleration of the pulse, an enormously rich man has a certain interest for most of us. The words "That man has twenty millions" would probably make more heads turn in the direction indicated than "That is Briggs, the poet," or even (though this is doubtful) "That is Jack Ketch, the hangman." The millionaire himself may be a most prosaic person (and almost always is so); but there is a halo of romance about him, nevertheless. It is not his actual position that interests us, but the possibilities of it. In the whole world, M. De Varigny tells us (in the *Rue des Deux Mondes*) there are 700 persons who possess a million; but notwithstanding the ease with which money breeds, there are only, it seems, a very few who possess two millions; and perhaps only twenty or so who rise still further in the scale of wealth. Lord Bute, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Sutherland, have four, five, and six millions respectively, and the Duke of Westminster sixteen millions; but these are little fish (though gold ones) compared with the Tritons of American finance. A Mr. J. B. Jones has twenty millions—there seems really something ludicrous about it, as though Jones should go about with a crown on his head; Mr. Vanderbilt, twenty-five millions; and Mr. Astor, thirty-eight millions. Above even these are the three richest men in the world, the English Rothschild, with forty millions; Mr. Mackay, the American, with fifty millions; and Mr. Jay Gould, with sixty millions. This last gentleman's income is calculated to be £8000 a day.

Details of this kind are vulgar enough, but they are not without interest. The question that occurs to all who read them is "What do these people do with their money?" It was once put to one of them, with some brusqueness, and answered with similar freedom, "Sir, I roll in it," and this is really very much what happens. You cannot procure more luxuries with sixty millions than with one million; you cannot even count your money; but still there is a certain satisfaction in reflecting that you possess it. One of the richest of these millionaires is, indeed, reported to have stated that his immense fortune is a great nuisance to him. "The weight of it is crushing me. I have no pleasure in it, and no use for it." But nobody believes him. If you pointed out to him (as I should very much like to do) that the remedy for his complaint lay in his own hands, and that there was at least one benevolent person in the world prepared to lighten his burthen, he would probably confess he was only joking: "Of course, my dear Sir, nobody ever does part with his money." What is really pathetic about his case, after asking in what respect he is better off than a man, say, with a beggarly hundred thousand pounds, he adds: "Moreover he can trust his friends." A remark full of suggestion, and not at all complimentary to those who associate with the richest persons in the world.

The honours that the Empress (Dowager) of China has bestowed upon everybody on the occasion of the marriage of her son are—in appearance—magnificent, and fully keep up the credit of the "First Cousin of the Sun," and "Near Connection of the Milky Way." But when they "come to be fried"—when the presents are priced at the pawnbroker's—it turns out that Her Sublime Transparency has a frugal mind. This economy may be a sign of good sense, but it is not an agreeable method of exhibiting it. A certain profusion becomes a barbarous Princess. It is all very well for her to praise our "ability, earnestness, and devotion," as she has done in the case of the British Ambassador; but fine words butter no parsnips. If I were he, I should have preferred some national product of the country—a chest of tea, a bale of silk, or a dessert service—to that elaborate certificate of good conduct. The expression of the Empress's intention to reward his distinguished services is full of promise. "It is only fitting on this great occasion," she says, "to bestow upon you a special mark of our approbation." At this exordium his Excellency's mouth must have watered. There are jewels in China, adorning inappreciative idols, each of them worth a King's ransom; there are gates of solid gold of no use to anybody, not even to the Imperial owner; yet this was all that came of it: "Therefore we hereby command that a title of honour of the first class and first rank be conferred upon your ancestors for three generations." This reminds one of the fruit-seller's cry in Constantinople: "In the name of the Prophet, Figs!" and, indeed, the bathos in this case is even more distinctly marked; for what possible use can a title of honour in China be to the descendants of an English Ambassador who are not at all likely even to set foot in the Flowery Land? If they do so, it will certainly not be with the expectation of shaking the pagoda (or is it only the pagoda-tree?). One privilege, however, the Empress has bestowed upon our representative which may be reckoned, for all I know, as the triumph of diplomacy. He is henceforward permitted to wear a peacock's feather. This honour has the advantage of being a distinction in England as well as in China, and likely in both countries, though for different reasons, to secure him a great deal of attention.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SANDRINGHAM.

The visit of her Majesty to the Norfolk country seat of the Prince and Princess of Wales, from Tuesday afternoon, April 23, to Saturday morning, the 27th, was attended with many agreeable incidents, and must be regarded as an interesting event in the life of the Royal family.

The Queen was accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, with whom she left Windsor Castle at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd, and travelled by a special train from Windsor, by the Great Western Railway to Acton, on by the North London Railway to Victoria Park, and by the Great Eastern Railway to King's Lynn and to Wolferton, the station nearest to Sandringham, arriving at six o'clock. Her Majesty and the Princess were attended by Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Sir H. Ewart, and Dr. Reid.

At King's Lynn, the Queen was met by the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor, attended by Sir Francis Knollys. The Mayor and Corporation of King's Lynn presented a loyal address to her Majesty.

The Princess of Wales, with her three daughters, was at Morton, Miss Knollys, and Sir Dighton Probyn. After an affectionate greeting, the Queen and their Royal Highnesses entered the open carriages waiting to take them to Sandringham.

Leaving the station by a pretty arch which the railway company had erected, the Royal party were cheered by an assembly of school-children on one side, and on the other side by gentlemen of the West Norfolk Hunt, of which the Prince of Wales is a member. These horsemen preceded the Royal carriages, headed by Sir Dighton Probyn. At the foot of the hill leading to The Heights was the first of two triumphal arches erected by his Royal Highness. From this point up to Park House, the residence of the Comptroller, there was little decoration; but from the end of the broad drive up to the Norwich Gates, and thence to the house, was a continuous display of colour. The second triumphal arch bore the word "Welcome," surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plumes; on the obverse side were the words "God save the Queen." Venetian masts, entwined with evergreens, from which hung banners, were ranged along the road. At the Norwich Gates men of the Norfolk Artillery were on duty as sentries. Inside the gates were assembled all his Royal Highness's keepers, and the school-children of Sandringham, West Newton, Appleton, and Babingley, with teachers and clergy. In the avenue were a large number of the residents and clergy of the county; among them were Lady Probyn, the Earl and Countess of Romney, Sir William and Lady Ffolkes, Sir Alfred and Lady Bagge, Sir Edward and Lady Green, Mr. and Lady Ida Hare, the Rev. A. Campbell and the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Hammond. The cheering of the children attracted the notice of her Majesty. Facing the entrance to the house were drawn up one hundred men of the Norfolk Artillery, who acted as a guard of honour, the members of the West Norfolk Hunt forming into a semi-circle on the lawn in the rear. The artillermen were under the command of Colonel Lord Suffield, Major Dawson, Lieutenant the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt Wilson, and Lieutenant Lombe. On the arrival of her Majesty, the guard presented arms, and the band played the National Anthem. After the Queen and the Royal party had alighted, the members of the hunt marched past the entrance and gave three hearty cheers for the Queen.

Her Majesty dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales; the other members of the Royal family present were Princess Louise, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud. The band of the Norfolk Artillery performed a selection of music.

On Wednesday, the weather being mild, though cloudy, with a few April showers, the Queen, with her son and daughter-in-law and their children, and Princess Louise, drove through the Sandringham grounds, visiting the church, where they were received by the Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham; the parish schools, the residence of Sir Dighton Probyn, and the Bachelor's Cottage. After luncheon, they were joined by Prince George of Wales, from H.M.S. Northumberland, at Portland. At five o'clock, they again drove out, to the camp of the Norfolk Artillery. Her Majesty was received with a Royal salute by the men, drawn up under the command of Colonel Lord Suffield, Major Dawson, Lieutenant the Hon. Tyrwhitt Wilson, and Lieutenant Lombe. The troops performed several movements. The Royal party drove past the Norwich Gates to Castle Rising, and inspected the ruins of the castle, built by William de Albini in 1176. They returned to Sandringham House between six and seven o'clock.

On Thursday morning, the Queen planted a tree on the lawn in front of the house, to commemorate her visit. All the Royal family at Sandringham were present. Prince Albert Victor took leave of her Majesty and his parents, and left for York to rejoin his regiment. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, drove out to West Newton Church, and past the model cottages to the Sandringham Working-Men's Club, provided by the Prince of Wales in place of the public-house which formerly existed there. The club contains a large reading-room, in which entertainments are given; the subscription is within the means of the labourers. Her Majesty was much pleased with this institution. The Queen also visited the Sandringham School, in which the Princess of Wales takes great interest, and returned to Sandringham House for luncheon. In the afternoon her Majesty gave audience to a deputation of the Prince of Wales's tenantry, who had to present an address. The address having been read by Mr. E. T. Sheringham, of West Newton, the Queen expressed her gratification, and said: "After the anxious time I spent here seventeen years ago, when, by the blessing of God, my dear son was spared to me and to the nation, it is indeed a pleasure to find myself again here, among cheerful homes and cheerful faces, and to see the kind feeling which exists between a good landlord and good tenants." Shortly after her Majesty drove with the Princess of Wales and Prince George in an open carriage, the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, following in a waggonette, to Dersingham, which had been made gay with decorations, almost every cottage displaying flags. In Church-road a triumphal arch faced with evergreens had been erected by a public subscription. Opposite the Lily Nursery, Mr. T. Jannoch, a noted cultivator of the lily-of-the-valley, had erected a beautiful floral arch. At this nursery the Empress Frederick, when at Sandringham, recently saw 30,000 lilies-of-the-valley in every stage of development. The drive was continued through Ingoldisthorpe to Snettisham, which was also decorated. The Royal party were cheered, and bowed their acknowledgments. On reaching Kenhill, her Majesty was received by Sir Edward and Lady Green, and conducted through the grounds, which

command a fine sea-view. The return journey was by the Lynn and Hunstanton-road to the Sandringham heights. At the Folly her Majesty visited Archibald Macdonald, formerly valet to the Prince of Wales, who is laid up with a serious illness. The Queen, who has known Macdonald since he was a child, took great interest in his condition.

Friday was a bright and sunny day, with a westerly breeze, and the park and grounds were seen at their best. In the morning her Majesty drove out, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses. She visited the gardens, which are very extensive and beautiful; and the kennels, admiring the fine dogs, as well as the construction and arrangement of the buildings. Her Majesty also inspected the pheasantry, afterwards calling at the Princess of Wales's Industrial School, and at the farm at Sandringham, on her return to luncheon. In the afternoon the Earl and Countess of Leicester arrived at Sandringham, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, to meet the Queen. At half-past four the party again drove out, the Queen, the Princess of Wales and Prince George occupying the first open carriage, whilst the Prince of Wales and the rest of the party followed in a waggonette and four. They proceeded to Wolferton, where her Majesty inspected the church recently restored by the Prince of Wales. The Queen honoured the Rev. J. F. Mitchell, the Rector of Wolferton, and Miss Mitchell, by taking tea at the Rectory. She then drove past the railway station to another of the Prince's farms, and inspected the cart-horses and cattle, returning by way of the village.

After dinner, Mr. Henry Irving appeared by command, with Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum company, and gave a performance in the ball-room—a spacious and handsome apartment erected some five or six years ago, which faces the avenue of limes at the east front of Sandringham House. Some elaborate preparations were necessary for the representation of "The Bells" and the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice." These were carried out during the week under the direction of Mr. H. J. Loveday. All the scenery had been specially made and painted for the performance by Mr. Hawes Craven, and a new act-drop and proscenium, which was almost a facsimile of that at the Lyceum, had been provided by Mr. Walter Hann. Mr. Loveday had provided a small sleigh, a horse foreshortened, and a miniature snowstorm. The peal of marriage bells heard at the end of the play, when Mathias meets with his terrible death, were the two bells brought from the Lyceum and placed outside the ball-room. The scenery for the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice" was a reproduction of that frequently seen at the Lyceum. The proscenium opening was 18 ft. and the stage about the same depth; behind the foot-lights had been fitted a tiny lime-light gallery, miniature gas battens, and all the necessary mechanical contrivances, regulated from the prompter's box. Six rooms adjoining the ball-room were placed at the disposal of the company for dressing-rooms. The orchestra, composed solely of string instruments, numbered thirteen performers, belonging to Mr. Irving's orchestra at the Lyceum. Mr. Irving brought down no less than sixty-three persons, who travelled from London by special train. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George of Wales, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, occupied chairs in the front row, her Majesty being in the centre. These seats were about 12 ft. from the front of the stage, the space between being filled up with a choice collection of foliage and flowering plants from the Royal gardens.

The Queen and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) took their departure from Sandringham on Saturday morning, at half-past ten, and arrived at Windsor at half-past two in the afternoon.

LIBRARY AND ART AND SCIENCE SCHOOLS, CHELTENHAM.

On Wednesday, April 24, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, President of the Board of Trade, opened the Public Library and Art Schools at Cheltenham, a handsome building, erected at a cost of £15,000. There was a procession from the Queen's Hotel, headed by the Volunteer Rifles, followed by the Mayor and Corporation, and the Mayors of Gloucester and Tewkesbury. The route was gaily decorated, and there was a large concourse of spectators. Sir Michael was presented with a golden key, and at the request of Alderman Captain Welch, R.N., Chairman of the Library Committee, opened the doors of the building. The Mayor briefly related the history of the Free Library movement in Cheltenham. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said this was an institution happily associated with art and science. The result attained was not altogether from the public rates, because there had been liberal subscriptions; but in a town like Cheltenham support could be given not only by money, but by books, which could not be always bought. He did not object to novels, and would not refuse them to the working classes, instead of the vicious literature which prevailed. The Mayor entertained a distinguished company at dinner at the Plough Hotel.

The annual festival of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation was held on April 30 at Willis's Rooms, the Archbishop of York presiding. A list of subscriptions and donations, amounting to upwards of £1000, was announced by the secretary.

Sir John Bennett Lawes, the eminent agricultural scientist of Rothamstead, has, it is stated, completed arrangements for bequeathing to the cause of agricultural science £100,000, together with fifty acres of land and the laboratory and museum at Rothamstead. In the latter are stored more than 45,000 bottles of experimentally-grown produce, of animal products, and of soils. The income of the fund will be handed over to a committee of nine persons, including the owner of Rothamstead for the time being.

The Law Courts reassembled on April 30 after the vacation.—On the Special Commissioners in the Parnell case reassembling Mr. Parnell entered the witness-box, and his examination was commenced by Mr. Asquith. Having described the circumstances which led to the formation of the Land League and his visit to America, he denied having belonged to any secret society, said he never heard of the Dynamite Party till 1883; that he did not know of the existence of the Invincibles until after the Phoenix Park murders, which he had never condoned; and that he had never given any countenance to crime and outrage. Mr. Parnell contradicted Le Caron's evidence; but admitted that the signature on the portrait Le Caron produced was genuine. He acknowledged having given the cheque for a hundred pounds to Byrne, but said it was not to enable him to fly from justice. Mr. Parnell having explained the formation of the National League, the Court adjourned.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

If I were suddenly to be told that I had never in my life seen the sun rise or set; that the moon was really made of green cheese; that the trees and fields at early springtime were bright blue; or that "nothing is that has been," I could not be more astonished than when I am gravely informed that the "old hunks" of the drama is a new feature, and that his introduction to the scene is the inauguration of a regenerated stage and a new dramatic formula! If there be one character more stereotyped and stale than another in drama, old and new, surely it is the irascible and unreasoning old gentleman who, puffed up with pride or wealth or conceit, turns his daughter or his son out of the house because he or she will not marry the man or woman he has destined for them. Why, this irascible old curmudgeon is the very stock-in-trade of the old dramatists. He occurs in almost every play that was ever written before and after the beginning of the present century. He was as indispensable to the dramatists beloved of our forefathers as is the modern mother-in-law in the conventional three-act farce of to-day. When one Philip Massinger wrote a play called "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and created Sir Giles Overreach, was anything said about philosophy, or psychology, or an important social problem, or a regenerated style of drama? He was a bit of human nature, and so he was accepted, in spite of the play being dull; for a genius created Sir Giles Overreach, and carried a heavy play on his shoulders to partial success. When George Colman wrote "The Iron Chest," Sir Edward Mortimer was not hailed as a regenerating influence or the pioneer of a new formula. He had his origin in a novel called "Caleb Williams," and neither the talent of the Keans or the music of Storace could shake off the depression of the gloomy play, which not only contained a Sir Edward Mortimer, but an Adam Winterton into the bargain—a character that, as acted by Dodd, nearly shut up the old "Iron Chest" altogether.

All who take an interest in modern stage-work and in the future of the literary drama must rejoice and be exceeding glad when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones writes a play, for he is a thoughtful student and a man with reverence. There is nothing haphazard or flippant about him at all. Most of us, also, who would preserve the vitality of the stage, its life, its mission, its purity, and its influence, would encourage to the utmost any new departure that would tend to ennobling it, and to bring back to the consideration of the drama men of culture and intellect. But,

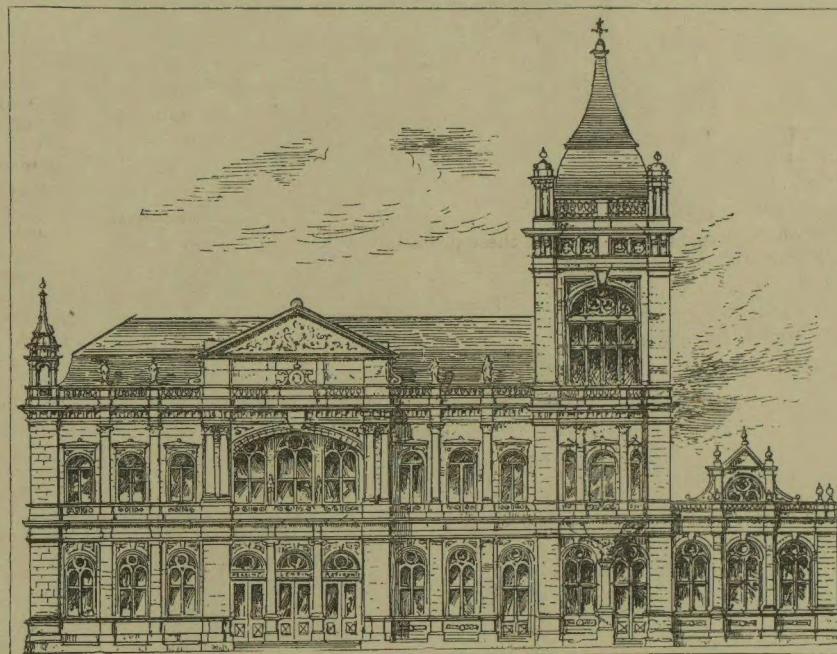
nor Colman nor Lord Byron wrote quite so monotonous a study of an old gentleman as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has done. To applaud, or encourage as an example, such a play as "Wealth" is to revive the depressing effects of the elder dramatists without recognising their literary merits. We are told by the quidnuncs that we are for the future to discard love interest and comic relief, and what they are pleased to call the conventionality and the commonplace formulas of dramatic art; but, if we do, for goodness' sake let us have something new or wonderful to put in their place. So far as I can see, if this be an example of the new tradition, we have retained the commonplace and conventional, the dotard, his delirium and his death, and have not even given him a new frame to brighten him up and make him look smart. It may be that the new school is all right and the old school is all wrong. Possibly there are playgoers who desire to see such capable performers as Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macklin, Miss Rose Leclercq, and Miss Rose Norreys, and many others, comparatively effaced and their artistic efforts rendered nugatory because it has been decided to give Mr. Beerbohm Tree a "one part" play. But this does not seem the tendency of the dramatic times so far as one can see. Everyone present in the theatre admired and applauded the heroic endeavour of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, ever an artist, and who will one day startle us with a great dramatic creation. Everyone thanked Miss Rose Norreys and Mr. Weedon Grossmith for the relief of their delightful humour. But the audience seemed to sigh for interest—which must, after all, be the backbone of any form of drama, conventional or reformed.

To my mind the sudden discovery that the public and the critics in combination have driven "human nature" off the stage, or at any rate discouraged it, is one of the most astounding instances of modern critical affectation that I have ever met with. My friend Mr. William Archer, who is not very often enthusiastic, throws his cap in the air, claps his hands and shrieks with delight because Mr. Pinero has dared to write such a play as "The Prodigate." He thinks that now the barrier has been broken down, and that we shall worship dolls and dummies no more. He looks upon the public as a huge bogey, created by silly critics. Well, we are all rejoiced that Mr. Pinero has written "The Prodigate"; it is a charming and delightful work, a play that would have succeeded any time these twenty years; a play that would succeed no doubt twenty years to come; but is there anything so very strange and wonderful in the ethics of the new play? When, a few years ago, Mr. Wilson Barrett constructed, invented, and arranged "Sister Mary," no one shrieked with delight at his daring in shaking off the dust of stage conventionality; and "Sister Mary" was, in essence, invented and put aside at least twenty-five years ago! I grant that "The Prodigate" is a vastly better play than "Sister Mary," but there is scarcely an idea in Mr. Pinero's play that was not anticipated in Mr. Barrett's story. Walter Leigh has, in his wild oats days, seduced Rose Read, a farmer's daughter, promised to marry her, and abandoned her. Dunstan Renshaw seduces, deceives, and abandons Janet when he is a wild and reckless young man. Walter Leigh is arrested in his downward and degraded course by a good, pure woman. Renshaw is saved from ruin by an innocent girl. Walter Leigh forgets all about Rose Read. Renshaw forgets his obligations to Janet. Leigh's secret is discovered by his intended bride on their wedding morning. Renshaw's secret is discovered in the rapture of his honeymoon. Sister Mary leaves her adored Walter when the wedding-bells are ringing. The bride leaves her Dunstan when they are married. Sister Mary consents to take Walter back when the woman he has seduced is dead. Rose Read dies on the battle-field; and the two who love are united. Dunstan and Leslie are supposed to marry when the victim of the man is still living, uncared for and destitute, and after Dunstan has tried to commit suicide. Walter Leigh, with more bravery, has sought death when leading a "forlorn hope" to rescue the woman he seduced, and who has wrecked his life. And yet the story of "Sister Mary" was voted sentimental and immoral, and the story of "The Prodigate" is the one that is to rescue the wretched stage from bondage!

Surely Mr. William Archer is familiar with the works of Mr. Thomas W. Robertson, when he implies that human nature on the stage is a new discovery of the modern critic. Was there no human nature in "Caste"? no human nature in "Ours"? Did Robertson ever write a play that was not a protest against conventionality and stage cant and irritating formulas? I have had some little experience of stage-plays, and have never known one properly impregnated with "human nature" to fail; but Heaven help us from the false human nature of such unwholesome, meretricious stuff as "As in a Looking-Glass," "Ariane," and the gilt trumpery that passes itself off for gold! Heaven help the stage from advertising the false instead of the true; and peace be to the sleepy audiences that find repose and rest in so scurrilous a production as "Wealth."

Mr. Pinero suffers as much as he profits by the acting of his delightful play. Had he sought London all over he could not have found a better hero than Mr. Forbes Robertson, a better heroine than Miss Kate Rorke, a better Lord Dangars than Mr. Hare, a Letter Mis. Stonehay than Mrs. Gaston Murray. They were, one and all, as good as good can be. All these artists have brains. We may want a little more distinction here and there, but with these the true note of the play was touched; but that was only half the play. The best character—Mr. Murray, the solicitor—was not touched or apparently understood. Mr. Lewis Waller is a clever and, at times, an interesting young actor. His acting was the best thing in "Brantingham Hall"; but he did not get near the Scotch solicitor. He spouted his speeches, he did not soliloquise or declaim from the heart. All the sentiment of the character which Mr. Archer detests so much evaporated. For what possible reason could Mr. Willard have refused so noble a character, as true to the best kind of human nature as character can be?—and why was not Mr. Bancroft recalled to the stage to play a part that he would have acted as well as he would have looked it? For Hugh Murray is a serious man—not a disagreeable boy. Miss Olga Nethersole was spoiled as an actress when an undiscriminating audience applauded her excess in "The Dean's Daughter." She has been extravagant, excessive, and stony ever since. No doubt she will improve her style altogether if she has the good fortune to remain at the Garrick Theatre, where she will be taught what to forget. The same training and experience will be of value to Miss Lamb, who had a great chance in Mr. Pinero's play—and missed it. "The Prodigate" is capital as it stands; had it been better acted, it would have stood out as the best and most interesting play of its class since "Caste," as it certainly is.

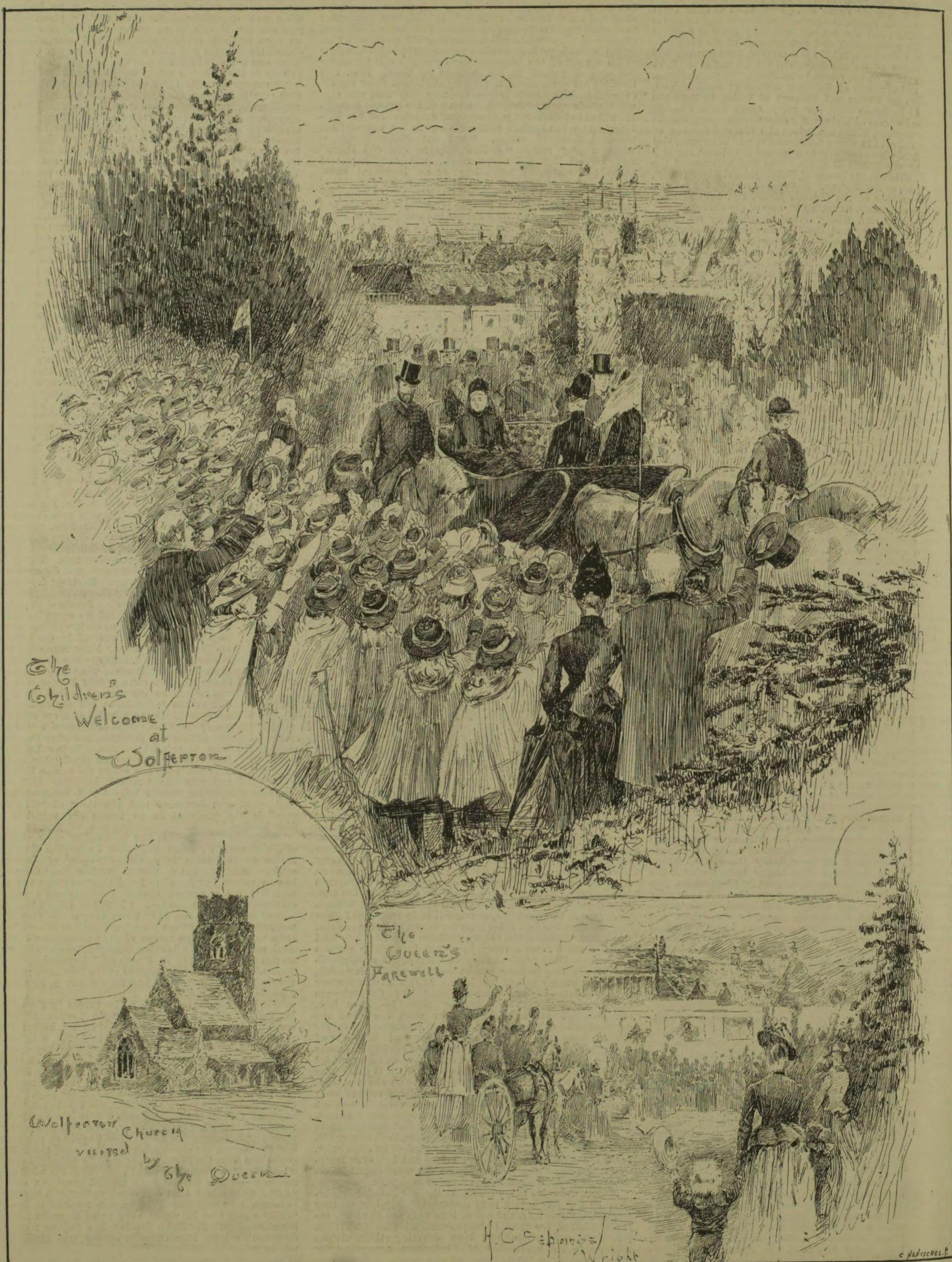
C. S.



PUBLIC LIBRARY AND SCHOOLS OF ART AND SCIENCE, CHELTENHAM.

for the life of me, I cannot see the use of raising these "cuckoo cries" about philosophy and new formulas, and so on, when there is nothing whatever to justify them. The boy who went on calling "Wolf!" was in the end disbelieved, and disaster was the result. Has not someone been crying "Wolf!" pretty loudly over the new Haymarket play of "Wealth"? Where on earth can anyone discover the root or basis, or even the faintest foreshadowing of a grave social problem in the story, the idea, or in any of the characters introduced into the play? What is there new in its conception, or original in its treatment? How does Matthew Ruddock differ from the thousand and one selfish, egotistical, unreasonable, old rascallions who have preceded him? Sprung from nothing, by dint of industry he made a fortune. So did our fathers, our grandfathers, and great grandfathers. There is nothing new in that. Bloated with wealth, his social success turned his head. Is this a new feature in the scheme of our common humanity? Cantankerous and capricious, he turns against those he loves best, and cuts off his idolised daughter with less than the conventional shilling. Why, the curmudgeons of old comedy have been doing this for centuries! The love of money turns his brain, and when he is most wealthy he dreams that he is a pauper. Is this a case that has never been recorded in old Bethlehem Hospital or St. Luke's? Why, it dates from the time that lunatics were chained to the walls and slept on straw! Such dramatic madmen invariably recover their reason by the same kind of shock that upset it, and die "babbling of green fields" in the arms of those they love best. No one would pretend for a moment to say that such characters or such motives are unsuited to the drama, be it new or old, be the old curmudgeon armed with a sword or an office ruler, whether such a hero is attired in velvet and lace or in frock-coat and trousers; but to placard him as a new product is just a little preposterous, and unquestionably misleading.

I always thought in my innocence that the fine old plays beloved by our forefathers were discarded simply because they were dull, dispiriting, and out of tune with the go-ahead, exciting spirit of the age. I always conceived that Mr. Irving, Mr. Tree, and others, had been devoting their artistic lifetime to the application of Shakespeare, amongst other old dramatists, to the tendency of the times. I have seen revivals of Massinger's old play, of Colman's lugubrious drama, and even of the modern "Werner"; but they all carried too much weight, and they sank the acting that they called into play. But if the new departure, and the social problems, and the psychology, and all the fine new terms and phrases are to bring back dullness sublimated, well, then, for goodness' sake let us see a fine and intelligent young actor like Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Sir Giles Overreach or Sir Edward Mortimer or Count Werner! For assuredly neither Massinger





THE QUEEN AT SANDRINGHAM: GENTLEMEN OF THE NORFOLK HUNT SALUTING HER MAJESTY.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It is so much the custom to be asked whether each recurring Royal Academy Exhibition is better or worse than its predecessor, that one is forced to frame an answer, although it is likely to meet with no general endorsement. With regard to the present year, our first impression is that it distinctly falls below the high level attained last year; whilst, at the same time, it is above the average level of the last five years. There are few, if any, great pictures; and, with one or two exceptions, none of the outsiders have made any marked strides towards distinction. Again, we are of opinion that, except in the case of two, or, at the most, three rooms, the hanging is by no means so successful as it was last year, when something in the interests of both the public and the pictures was attempted by the Hanging Committee.

To pass, however, to the individual works of the year, the places of honour in the large gallery have been assigned, deservedly, to Mr. Orchardson's "Drinking the Duke's Health," the president's "Thetis and Her Maidens," or whatever may be the exact title of this classic subject, and Mr. Goodall's fine landscape from the heights of London, embracing Harrow in the middle distance and fading away to the country round Windsor. These are all important works, and Mr. Orchardson's especially will attract notice, as it shows him at his best—and, we may add, at his worst also—for the painting looks so thin that one is tempted to think rather of exquisite tapestry than of real oil upon canvas. The other shortcoming of this picture is the monotonous expression of the guests who have risen to drink the Duke's health, who, in an easy, nonchalant attitude, seems rather to support than to enjoy this proof of his tenants' and retainers' devotion. Sir Frederick Leighton's neo-classicism differs only in degree from that of which Mr. Alma Tadema is a past master. There is in both the same portraiture of delightful women in whom one fails to take any real interest; but the president cares less for archaeology than his colleague, and the result is that we are more interested in the pretty wax-faced girls throwing apples to each other than in the girls lying about the marble palace of Mr. Tadema's picture, doing nothing—scarcely even gazing at the lovely landscape which fringes the horizon or the purple-coloured sky which overhangs it. Mr. Goodall's landscape is in every respect a very remarkable work, for it is not often that he ventures upon English scenery; and if one compares this work with De Wint's "View of Windsor Castle," now at the South Kensington Museum, one can measure the distance between the work of a landscape and a figure painter when dealing with similar subjects. Sir John Millais's landscape in the neighbourhood of Murthly Castle is scarcely worthy of his great reputation; but in the old Mansard garden, with a yew hedge in the foreground, he seems to have caught an inspiration from some of his earlier works, whilst in the marvellous *technique* of the picture he shows how he can produce the most elaborate effects with a few scratches of the knife and touches of the brush. Mr. Watts is represented by a single figure of a Cupid with wings or Amorino with very porcelain-blue eyes, very delightful to look upon until the curious anatomy of the bent leg forces itself upon the spectator. Mr. Ouless, perhaps relieved of the depressing comparison of his portraits with those of Frank Holl, has redeemed himself in a very striking way, and has now recovered some of that "grip" and feeling by which his earlier work was marked; but Mr. Herkomer is in a fair way to dispute with him the place in public favour occupied by Frank Holl. Of the portrait of Mrs. Gladstone mention has already been made in these columns; but his great work, this year, is that of "The Charter-House Brethren," of whom Colonel Newcome was, we will hope, a not unfair representative. At any rate, Mr. Herkomer has managed to throw into the group of "Poor Brothers" the expression of extinguished hopes and fruitless effort, which make the picture more touching than that of the "Chelsea Pensioners," whose rest was the reward of success. Mr. Sergeant's portraits of Mr. Irving and Herr Henschel, although only little more than busts, will attract considerable notice, and raise the oft-discussed point whether or not the artist is able to complete and carry out his own impressions. In the present instance there can be no doubt that the slighter work, the portrait of Herr Henschel, is the more successful. Mr. S. J. Solomon's "Sacred and Profane Love" approaches more nearly in size an Academic picture, as known in France, than anything else in the exhibition, and all honour should be given to the artist who is content to paint works for art's sake rather than for the dealers. As a picture, we regard Mr. Solomon's present picture too cold in colour and the greenish tone which pervades everything is not atmosphere, but a mere painter's device. The position, moreover, of the man on the edge of the precipice with the consciousness of his destruction marked upon his face, is not one which bears fixing for a length of time. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, Mr. Noble, Mr. Normand, and Mr. John Swan all send very good works, to which we shall have to refer at a subsequent occasion. "The Prodigal Son," by the last-named, is quite one of the most important works in the whole exhibition. In the sculpture nothing can compare with Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Arcadian Shepherd," which dwarfs everything around it. The attitude of the upraised arm stretched over his crook is natural to the life, throwing out the chest and trunk of the body in splendid form. The only point which seems to suggest itself in looking at this remarkable achievement, which places Mr. Richmond at once high among our sculptors, is that the head of the shepherd belongs rather to the early Greek period of art and the body to the Greco-Roman when portraiture had become recognised in plastic art. In other words, the head is ideal, the body is realistic.

The Synod of the English Presbyterian Church began on April 29 its annual sittings in Regent-square Church; and on the same day the first session of the annual spring meeting of the Baptist Union was opened at Bloomsbury Chapel.

The second window of the clerestory of the parish church, Harrow-on-the-Hill, in which it is proposed to illustrate important historic events connected with the church, has been filled this Eastertide with an illustration of the laying the foundation-stone by Archbishop Lanfranc, A.D. 1087. The work is by Ward and Hughes, 67, Frith-street, Soho-square.

After all, the Yacht Race for the America Cup falls through. Lord Dunraven has received by mail the conditions which the New York Yacht Club have attached to the contest, and he finds these so different from those which governed the race between the Volunteer and the Thistle that he declines to accept them.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Spithead on April 27 in his flag-ship the *Alexandria*, and disembarked next morning, after which, accompanied by the Duchess, who had visited him on April 27, he proceeded by special train to Victoria and drove to Clarence House. A bulletin has been issued stating that his Royal Highness had borne the journey well. The Prince of Wales, who came to town on April 29 from Sandringham, remained a considerable time with the Duke. Her Majesty has been kept fully informed of the Duke's health.

THE NEW GALLERY.

Whilst admitting that the New Gallery contains a very large proportion of excellent work and many noteworthy pictures, the impression which it leaves upon us at first sight is that the best men are not up to the level of last year; but that, on the other hand, the less prominent painters have made a distinct advance. Mr. Watts's contributions refer rather to the past than to the present, for "The Wounded Heron" (1) was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1837, and the "Fata Morgana" (57) bears the marks of having been painted over in places. We do not know to what period should be referred the two prismatic sea-pieces—a "Fog off Corsica" (2) and "The Sea Ghost" (17), which are merely atmospheric studies of great delicacy and refinement; but they belong to a distinctly different period from that which produced the "Wife of Plutus" (184)—a splendid study of flesh-painting—and the dainty little Amorino on the dancing waves entitled "Good luck to your fishing" (33). Mr. Burne-Jones is represented only by studies from his great Arthurian picture "Avalon," and by one or two other works already exhibited; but his son, Mr. Philip Burne-Jones, comes to the front in a very marked way. Mr. Alma-Tadema has a pleasant little group of four pictures in the West Room, hung together and illustrative of two sides at least of his talent, the portrait of Mrs. Frank D. Millet being, perhaps, the most generally attractive. At the same time, Mrs. Alma-Tadema claims very distinct notice for her scrupulous work, which bears even more trace of Flemish feeling than her husband's. Mr. W. B. Richmond does not seem to have found sympathetic sitters, for neither his Countess Grosvenor (207) nor his Colonel Bignold (14) seem to have aroused his best powers: and although the portrait of Mrs. Buxton (74) recalls some of the brilliancy of last year's work, it falls short of both the Miss Gladstone and the Mrs. Andrew Lang in subtle and delicate expression. Professor Herkomer sends four admirable portraits, of which those of Mrs. Craik (92), the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and of Sir Joseph Hooker (4), will dispute the palm of excellence. The Professor's gifted cousin, Mr. H. G. Herkomer, is also a strong and insistent portrait-painter; but in his rendering of Dr. Hubert Parry (55), the eminent composer, he altogether overshoots the mark, and hardens, as well as perverses, a face of singular softness and gentleness. These very exaggerations, however, tend to make Lord Londesborough's portrait (59) a greater success than it would have been in the hands of any less-experienced artist. On the other hand, Mr. Charles Hallé and Mrs. Lea Merritt show a very marked advance on their previous work. The chief struggle of the year in portrait-painting, however, lies between Mr. Sargent's "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" (110), a remarkable study in colour and pose; Mr. J. J. Shannon's Miss Jean Graham (117), which is as quiet as the other is *tapageur*, falling short, moreover, of his admirable portrait of Mrs. Sidgwick (29); and Mr. H. La Thangue's lamp-light portrait of Mr. Tom Mitchell (154), an exaggeration of the effects arrived at in a small picture of last year. Among the subject-pictures those of the extreme school of refined minuteness are the most noteworthy; Mrs. Stillmann's "Madonna Dianora" (177) and Mr. Strudwick's "Ramparts of God's House" (13) dividing the honours of the first place. Of those who, whilst caring for detail, see and paint with broader effect, Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Roman Boat-Race" (5), which is scarcely more than a single figure, is best representative; but Mr. J. R. Weguelin and Mr. Herbert Schmalz are followers, though at a respectful distance, of whom we shall have to speak on a future occasion. The present popularity of polar bears in art is one of the features of the moment, and whilst Mr. Nettleship's rendering of the "Uttermost Parts of the Sea" (133) gives a somewhat too stagey rendering of ice-hummocks, Mr. John M. Swan's "White Bears swimming in the silent Polar Seas" (27) gives a more vivid idea of their habitation. Amongst the landscapes, Mr. J. W. North's "Meadows" (28) and "Wheatfields" (38) and Mr. Alfred Parsons' river and inland scenes will keep alive the tradition of the beauties of English scenery; whilst Mr. Colin Hunter celebrates the attractions of Scotland; and Signor Costa, Mrs. Arthur Murch, and Mr. Corbet, of Italy; Professor Legros, of the Burgundian valleys; and Mr. Boughton, though somewhat in a dismal key, the brightness of the Isle of Wight (134). The sea-pieces are comparatively few in number; but they are as excellent as they are varied. Mr. E. Hayes's "Gorleston Harbour" (25), Mr. H. Morris's "Shores of Sark" (188), Mr. Kennedy's bold and brilliant "Neptune" (114), and Mr. David Carr's "Fishing Fleet" (165), show that the traditional love of our countrymen for the sea is not extinct, nor their hands less adept at transferring its charm to canvas.

We have said enough to show that the New Gallery contains very much to interest, and more to attract visitors. On a future occasion we propose to speak more at length of the works which we have scarcely more than named, and at the same time to refer to others which deserve equal recognition from the public.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD ON DRAWINGROOM DAY.

The holding of a Drawingroom for the reception of ladies presented to her Majesty the Queen, or sometimes to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on behalf of the Queen, is an occasion of social importance in the London season of fashion. Its outward signs are watched by many Londoners of no social pretensions with a slight flutter of popular interest, which may draw some of those in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park and Buckingham Palace to see the Yeomen of the Guard marching along the Mall to do their duty as servants of the Royal Household. The officers who actually attend her Majesty at a Drawingroom are the Captain, the Lieutenant, an Ensign, and an "Exon," which last-mentioned rank is equal to that of a Captain in the Army. This ancient Corps has existed four centuries, having been established by King Henry VII. for his coronation in 1485. We find all the information now available in a little book, compiled by Mr. Thomas Preston, recently published by Messrs. Harrison and Sons, of Pall-mall. The order-books and other records previous to the nineteenth century were unfortunately destroyed in 1809 by a fire at St. James's Palace. The Corps, it seems, has taken part in almost every grand ceremonial of the English Court; and with its picturesque costume, its antique weapons, and the historical associations belonging to it, makes a link of connection between the Tudor, Stuart, and the Hanoverian reigns, and that of Queen Victoria, which most Englishmen would be desirous to preserve.

In St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on April 30, was celebrated the marriage of Captain George Sholto Douglas, of the Cameronians, only son of Admiral the Hon. George Douglas, of Newsells Park, Royston, Herts, with the Hon. Laura Mary Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, eldest daughter of the late Viscount and Viscountess Milton. Several fashionable marriages are mentioned on another page.

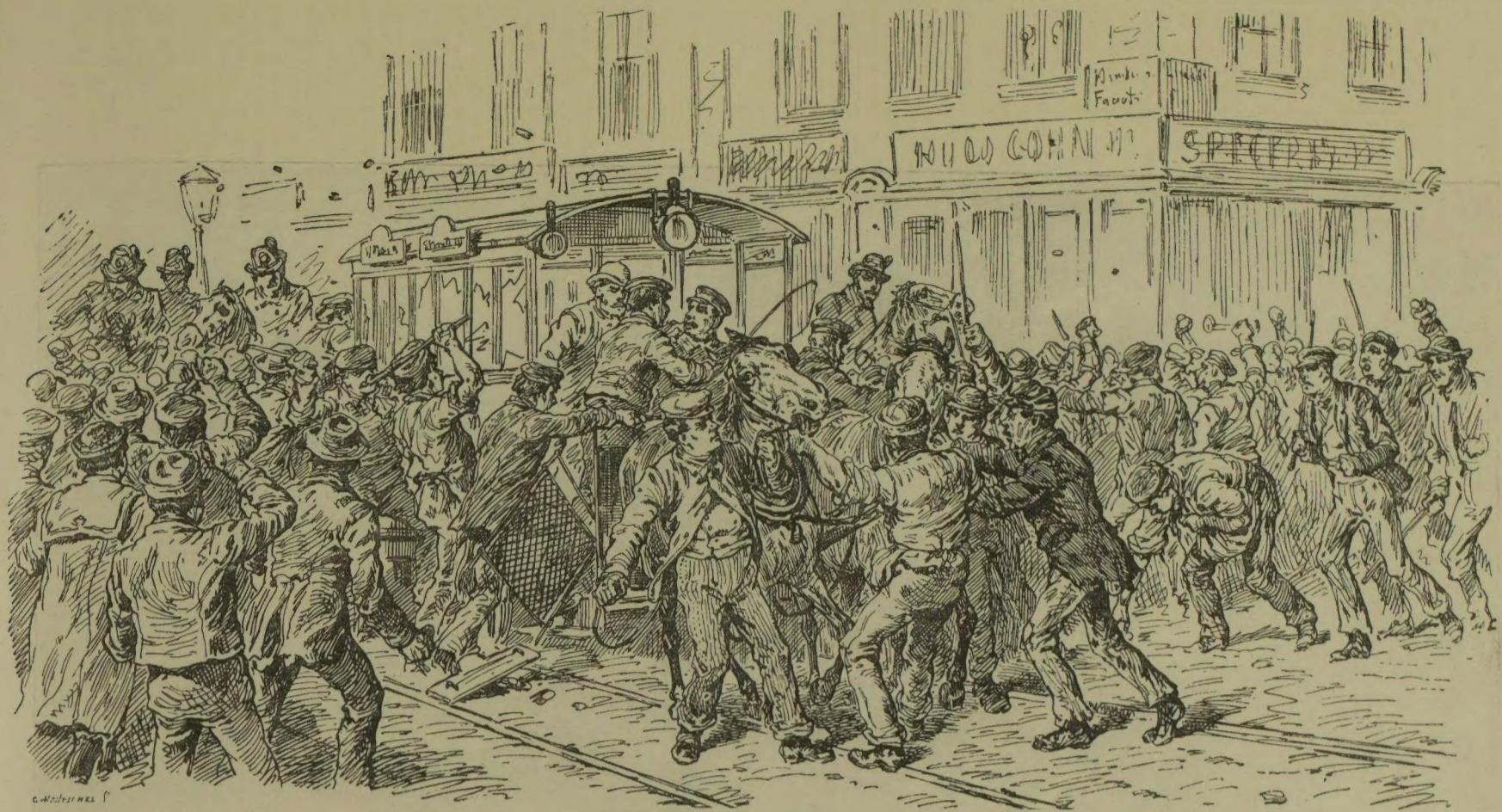
THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

It cannot be said without considerable reservation that the show of pictures at Sir Coutts Lindsay's gallery is up to the level of some former years. When the unfortunate schism took place which led to the setting up of a New Gallery, many declared that the supply of really good pictures would fail to furnish the walls of three rival establishments. Rightly or wrongly, the British public believes in the Royal Academy, and to obtain a place in the rooms of Burlington House is the distinction which every artist, whether risen or only rising, most desires. Admission of pictures to both the Grosvenor and the New Galleries is avowedly by favour—or, as it is termed, "by invitation"—and until Sir Coutts Lindsay has got round him a fresh group of artists to replace those who have followed Messrs. Comyns Carr and Hallé, there will be little to distinguish the exhibitions at the Grosvenor from any other ordinary collection of pictures. On the present occasion, whilst reserving for the future a more detailed description of the works, it may be enough to say that Sir John Millais, Mr. Goodall, Mr. J. C. Hook and Mr. Pettie are among the painter-Academicians who still continue to support Sir Coutts Lindsay. Of the others, Associates, outsiders known and unknown, the impression left is that they regard the Grosvenor as a "pis-aller" and only send there the remanents of their year's work. The place of honour, however, in the room is given to Princess Louise's portrait of the late Colonel Charles Lindsay (117*), who was known in early life as one of the smartest officers in the Grenadier Guards, and later as the efficient Colonel of the St. George's Rifles and Equerry to the Queen. He is represented in this picture in the congenial costume of neither honourable service, but in a very heavy suit of mail—which, nevertheless, brings out in good relief his manly, but modern head. The work is far above that which one is accustomed to find amongst amateurs, and the success of her Royal Highness may have encouraged the Marchioness of Granby (Colonel Lindsay's daughter) to add her two clever pencil drawings of Mr. A. J. Balfour and Miss Dallas Yorke—the Duchess of Portland elect. Mr. Pettie's "Study of a Head" (23) is one of the best things in the reposeful line which the artist has done for some years, and there is great grace, as well as beauty, in the simple face. Sir John Millais's "Shelling Peas" (58) is one of those fantastic studies of pseudo-poverty which have of late flowed so freely from the artist's hand. In this case, it is only too evident that the kitchenmaid has temporarily given up her place to the young lady from the parlour, with the result that we have a very elegant person engaged upon a prosaic but very useful work. The painting of the whole picture is in the artist's slightest style, but it is executed with a dash and mastery of which he is by far the greatest exponent. It is a present to his friend the president, and is about as strong a contrast to all Sir F. Leighton's own work as can be well conceived. Sir J. Millais's other picture is a less pleasing, but thoroughly satisfactory, portrait of Mr. Wertheimer (215) in a morning coat and wearing a *pince-nez*—not a very inviting subject, but one for which the artist has done his best.

In the West Gallery are two large full-length portraits—one of the Marchioness of Granby (17), in a white dress, at the foot of a staircase; and Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth (31)—by Mr. W. H. Margetson. In the pose and general arrangement of the two pictures there is not a little in common; but neither can be considered either satisfactory or pleasing portraits. Mr. F. Goodall's "Pets of the Harem" (90) is distinguished for its very harmonious colouring, and for the skilful drawing of the young girl who divides her attention between a monkey and an ibis. Mr. Goodall's model is, perhaps, not everything that could be wished, and is as little Eastern as could be imagined; but he has done much to gloss over her shortcomings, and to throw over her a very artistic feeling. Strictly speaking, we think that the African monkeys, of which there are sufficient to justify a right to protection, might have a right to protest against the introduction of a lemur (a distinctly American species) into the harem; whilst we doubt also if the sacred ibis would have been allowed the free range of the lady's apartments. Mr. Keeley Halswell's view of "Arundel Castle" (64), under a pale mackerel sky, and his rendering of the Witches' appearance to Macbeth (132), are among the most satisfactory landscapes in the gallery. In the latter the artist has gone away from the ordinary received notion of the "blasted heath," and made the weird sisters rise from the rushes of the marshy ground, which skirts the road travelled by Macbeth and Banquo. Mr. Alfred East's "Gentle Night" (170) and Mr. Geo. Clausen's "Ploughing" (174) will attract notice, although the latter repeats rather too distinctly a motive which he has already used. The colour, though low, is good and harmonious throughout, and the work is conceived in the best school of modern realism.

TRAM-CAR STRIKE AND RIOTS AT VIENNA.

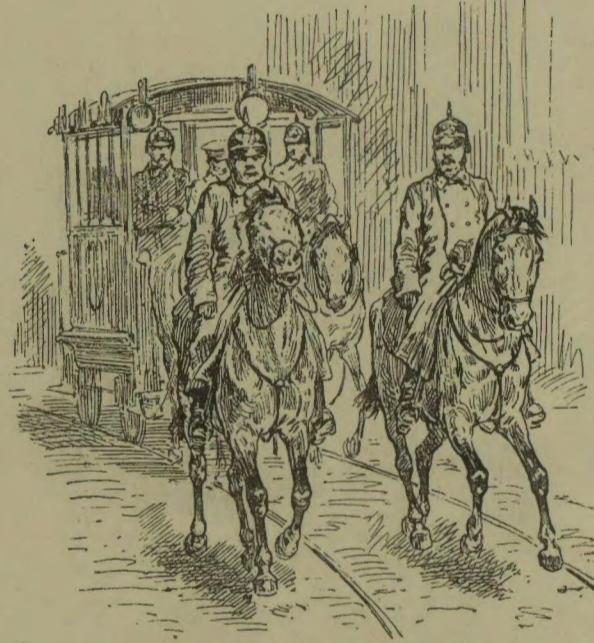
The Easter holidays in the Austrian capital city were seriously troubled by riots arising from a dispute between the Tram-car Company and the numerous drivers of tram-cars in its employment, with the interruption of that kind of street traffic, followed by acts of mob violence which were not suppressed without some bloodshed. According to the account in the *Neue Freie Presse* of April 23, none of the tram-car drivers, who had struck on Easter Sunday and Monday for better wages and fewer hours of labour, and whose demands had the general sympathy of the population, took part in the riots; but these were got up by leaders of an idle and vicious rabble, intent on making wanton mischief whenever the ordinary course of city life is disturbed. The Company was able, on those days, to keep only about one-fourth the number of its cars running for the accommodation of passengers, but they were not entirely withdrawn from any of its lines. There were great delays, and much overcrowding both of the cars and of the platforms or stations. The men enlisted for the emergency to drive the cars seemed unskilful and ignorant of their work, so that many passengers insisted on stopping and alighting between the stations. The police, some of whom accompanied the cars on horseback, strove to disperse the crowds of noisy and mocking bystanders that gathered on these occasions; the mob here and there became angry, threw stones at the cars and at the temporary drivers. The military were then called out; and this sort of thing went on, growing hourly worse, till it resulted, on Tuesday evening, in the Favoriten and Hernals quarters, in sharp conflicts between the populace and the soldiery. By half-past seven o'clock the streets were occupied by thousands of people, and troops were sent to disperse them. The soldiers advanced under a bombardment of stones and other missiles, and the cavalry were ordered to charge. They rode with drawn swords into the mass of people, striking down right and left those who opposed them. The charge broke the crowd for a time, but they soon gathered again. At half-past nine a battalion of infantry was ordered to advance with fixed bayonets and to clear the streets. This movement was successful, and at ten o'clock order was in a measure restored. It is known that many people were wounded. A great number of arrests were made. The Tram-car Company has been declared liable to a fine by its failure to perform its public engagements.



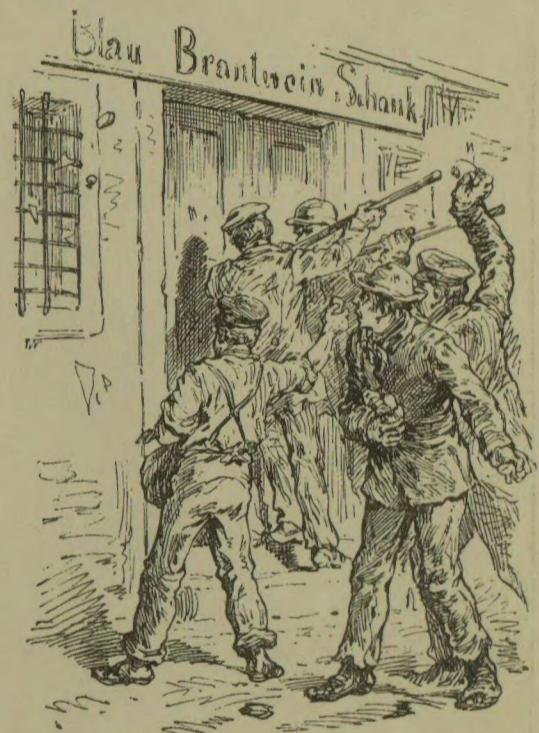
MOB PREVENTING THE STARTING OF THE TRAM-CARS.



DRIVER AND CONDUCTOR OF A VIENNA TRAM-CAR.



TRAM-CAR PROTECTED BY MOUNTED POLICE.



DEMOLISHING A JEWISH GINSHOP AT FAVORITEN.



DRAGOONS DISPERSING THE RIOTERS IN THE HIMBERGER-STRASSE.

EASTER HOLIDAY TRAM-CAR STRIKE AND RIOTS IN VIENNA.



QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM DAY: YEOMEN OF THE GUARD IN THE MALL GOING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

P. A. J. DAGNAN-
BOUVERET.

Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan-Bouveret, who, like so many of the younger French artists, is, for the moment, attracted by the tone and costumes of Brittany, has shown his powers on previous occasions in a very different field. Born in Paris in 1857, of parents in whom the southern blood was strongly marked, he acquired, almost from the outset of his career, a place in the world of art. He studied art under Gérôme, from whom he probably caught that devotion to classic grace which characterises the works of master and pupil alike. In common with his friend and comrade, Gustave Courtois, he devoted much of the time of his apprenticeship to reproducing on canvas the ideas suggested by Dante's great epic; and although these sketches and studies have never been publicly exhibited, they were sufficiently well-known among artists to make their authors recognised as "rapins" of promise. This confidence was not misplaced, for when Dagnan-Bouveret exhibited, in 1876, his first work attracted attention, and three years later in his "La Noce chez un Photographe" his skill in grouping his figures as well as his masterful drawing were at once recognised and he was selected for a medal. Judged by our standard the work might have been considered vulgar, not in execution but in sentiment; but in France realistic subjects appeal to popular taste. In the following year he exhibited another picture "Au Louvre," full of figures representing the daily life of that international gallery where artists and amateurs of all sorts meet and fraternise. For this he received a medal of the first class, with the general consent and approbation of his brother artists. In 1882 his triumphs were still more remarkable, and his large picture, representing a marriage custom of Franche-Comté known as the "Bénédiction des Epoux avant le Mariage," was regarded by both the public and his colleagues as one of the most remarkable works of the year. It was purchased by a well-known Russian collector, M. Tretyakov, whose collection of



BRETONNES AU PARDON.
AFTER THE PAINTING BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET, IN THE PARIS SALON.

modern pictures is one of the most carefully selected. More recently M. Dagnan-Bouveret has turned his attention to portrait-painting, and to the sombre colours of the Breton peasantry. Two years ago he exhibited a "Pardon" in which men were the chief actors, going round and round the cloisters of a church, some on their knees and all carrying candles. It was powerfully painted, but could hardly be called a pleasing picture, although the faces of each of those taking part in the "Pardon" seemed to tell its own story of disappointed hopes and baffled effort. In the present rendering the scene is brighter, and the landscape, although subdued, relieves the hardness of the costumes. The real ceremony of the "Pardon," however, has not yet commenced, and the women are awaiting the arrival from distant villages of others who, with them, will pass hours of self-examination and penitent prayer within the gaily-decked church, or in its surrounding courtyards. One of Dagnan-Bouveret's brightest bits of work is a sketch of his friend Courtois in a Henry VIII. costume, who in it looks every inch a prince of the Middle Ages, more fitted to wield a lance than a paint-brush.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, a gold watch and chain and a gold medal, which have been respectively awarded by the United States Government to John Joseph Mehegan, master, and Charles Gunn, first mate of the steam-ship Gleadowe, of London, in recognition of their services to the shipwrecked crew of the American schooner T. L. Lambert, on Nov. 27, 1888.

The quarterly meeting of the Invalid Transport Corps of the St. John Ambulance Association has just been held at St. John's Gate, Sir Edward Sieveking, M.D., LL.D., presiding. Mr. John Furley, Director of the Ambulance Department of the Order of St. John, reported that ninety-six removals had been effected during the last quarter. During the two preceding years the number of removals amounted to 621, many of the patients being conveyed to various parts of the Continent.

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

On Monday, May 6, the President of the Republic will officially open the Paris Exhibition, and the public will be admitted to contemplate the record of the history of ten years of the world's art, science, and industry, which has been set forth in visual and material documents over a space of nearly 250 acres, embracing the Trocadéro, the Champ de Mars, the quays of the Seine, and the vast Esplanade des Invalides.

The view from the terrace of the Trocadéro Palace gives one an impression of the immensity, of the variety of aspect, and of the exotic physiognomy of the Exhibition. It resembles in no way the Exhibitions of 1867 and 1878. In the foreground on the banks of the Seine are the elegant pavilions of the marine and river navigation sections; then, the very curious history of the human habitation—a colossal object-lesson conceived and executed by Charles Garnier, the architect of the Grand Opéra, and comprising more than thirty habitations reconstituted with the most scrupulous exactitude, from the rude huts of the Troglodytes and of the Age of Bronze, the homes of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Hebrews, the Etruscans, the Persians, Greeks, Romans, Aztecs, &c., down to the elegant Renaissance villa and the various habitations of contemporary Europe; in the next plane are the colossal feet and gigantic arches upon which the Eiffel Tower rests, pointing skywards its imposing and slender elegance; next comes a monumental fountain and vast basins and gardens, around which are built to the left the Fine Arts Palace, to the right the Palace of the Liberal Arts, at the back the Palace of Various Industries, and in the extreme background the grandiose span of the Gallery of Machines. Each of the three great palaces is surmounted by a polychrome dome where white, turquoise blue, dull reds and brilliant gold combine to form a colour-scheme that is not French, nor European, but rather Assyrian, and suggestive of the friezes from the Palace of Artaxerxes recently discovered at Susa. The porticos and façades, with their blue-frameworks of iron pillars and cross bars, their faience friezes, their medallions and cornices of enamelled terra-cotta; the glittering glass roofs, over which float thousands of many-coloured flags and oriflammes; the profusion of gilding and sculpture and ornamentation; the spacious gardens, dotted with various constructions and rich with trees and flowers,—all this gives an impression of variety, of multiplicity of interest and of attractiveness, that is quite new. Vast as it is, the Exhibition of 1889 does not terrify the visitor; the general aspect seems to assure him that the arrangement of it is easy and convenient; while the prominence given to the less serious elements, to detached pavilions, kiosques, cafés, restaurants, and other amusing features, intimates that he need not devote all his time to study.

The Eiffel Tower will certainly be the great attraction of the Exhibition of 1889. The novelty of its form; the mere figure of its height, 300 mètres; the figure of its weight, 73,000,000 kilogrammes; the number of steps from the bottom to the top, 1600; the fact that its elevators can convey 2000 people an hour to the first platform, and 750 persons an hour to the summit of the tower in seven minutes;—all these details of singular modernity seem to fascinate the inhabitants of distant countries even more than they fascinate the French. On the first platform of the tower, 200 ft. from the ground, is a superstructure of nearly 6000 square yards, a regular town in itself, with its terraces, balconies, and promenades, its English, Flemish, French, and Russian restaurants, and in the centre a gaping gulf, at the bottom of which you see the earth and people walking on it like Lilliputian creatures. Whatever may be the utility of the tower, its popularity cannot be contested; it may be only the most colossal scientific toy yet invented, but it will nevertheless reveal to average humanity a number of new sensations, and a striking vision of the sky, and of the grandiose panorama of one of the capitals of the world reduced to the dimensions of a mere, brown, silent and leprous spot on the face of the globe, for such is the aspect of Paris from the upper platforms of the Eiffel Tower.

Next after the Eiffel Tower, perhaps the most popular section of the Exhibition will be the objective history of the human habitation, for the various specimens will not only be furnished but also inhabited—with the exception, of course, of those of prehistoric types—by natives of the various countries or by natives of Batignolles costumed for the occasion. Thus the zone of characteristic habitations will be enlivened with cafés, music, minor industries and other light features. Similar ethnographical and exotic attractions will be found in the pavilions of the South American Republics, which occupy more than 8000 square mètres compared with 2000 in 1878. The Mexican pavilion is a splendid reconstitution of an Aztec temple covered with strange symbols and allegorical figures. The Ecuador pavilion is also a reproduction of an Incas temple. To the right of the Champ de Mars, parallel with the Palace of Liberal Arts, are wonderful constructions of Eastern aspect, pavilions and façades where the Indians, the Japanese, the Chinese, the Siamese, the Persians, will show their products in a brilliant *entourage* of local colour. Then comes Morocco with a complete bazaar, and then a Cairo street, with cafés, and native workmen, then a mosque and a whole Arab town.

From this delightful Oriental corner we may take the railway—another novelty of the Exhibition of 1889—and return to the Tour Eiffel, and thence again by tramway direct to the Esplanade des Invalides. We pass between the long galleries of the Quai d'Orsay, where are shown kilomètres of agricultural and alimentary products and apparatus and machinery thereunto appertaining, between barrels of wine, beer, and other drinks; between innumerable bars and counters devoted to *gourmandise* of every nationality, and so arrive at the Esplanade des Invalides, which will be the third great attraction of the Exhibition, thanks to its picturesque and exotic aspect. Here is the French Colonial Exhibition, the exhibition of the State Departments, of Posts and Telegraphs, of the War Office (the latter installed in a fine Louis XIV. palace), &c. The French Colonial Exhibition is the most complete ever made, and the most curious, for, besides comprising the products of all the countries under French rule or protectorate, it will comprise specimens of the architecture and of the inhabitants. Thus the Algerian exhibit is made in a palace composed of the best elements selected from the monuments of Algiers. So, too, Tunisia, Tonkin, and Annam, each has a marvellous palace. The pavilions of Tonkin and Annam have been built and decorated by native artists. There is also an Annamite theatre with a native company, and a hundred other marvels,

such as the Pagoda of Angkor, the Creole restaurant, the pavilion of Madagascar, the villages of Senegal, New Caledonia, Martinique, Guadeloupe and Guyane, the splendid *hampong*, or Java village Kermesse, organised by the Dutch East Indies, the pavilion of Transvaal, &c. And amidst all these strange buildings may be seen a population of Arabs, Kabyles, Kroumirs, Annamite soldiers, Tonkin soldiers, negroes from Senegal, Jayanes, men, women and children, living their daily life and working at their trades. This section of the Exhibition, only a few minutes distant from the Place de la Concorde, will perhaps be even a greater attraction than the Tour Eiffel itself.

To return now to the Champ de Mars, we must glance at the Machine Gallery, 376 ft. wide and nearly 1400 ft. long, flanked by two lateral galleries, each 50 ft. wide. The glass roof is supported by twenty girders of hitherto unparalleled span, the height of which is 140 ft. In other words, the Vendôme Column could stand inside this gallery, whose roof, without any point of support whatever, beyond the ogival girders, covers a surface of over eleven acres. The Machine Gallery is one of the industrial wonders, not only of the Paris Exhibition, but of modern times. It is the biggest hall in the world. The effect with the machines in movement, the four lines of shafting, the thirty-two motor-engines all at work, will be marvellous, especially at night, when it will be lighted with more than 1500 incandescent lamps.

The palaces of the Fine Arts and of the Liberal Arts are similar in aspect; they are constructed literally of iron and terra-cotta and decorated with ceramic panels. Each palace is 280 ft. long and 160 ft. wide, and divided into sections by subjects and also by nationalities. The Fine Arts Palace contains a centennial exhibition of French art and a decennial exhibition of the art of France and of the other countries of the world. In the palace of the Liberal Arts is a Retrospective Exhibition of Labour and of the anthropological and ethnographical sciences—a most varied and wonderful history of science, of the liberal arts, of trades, of means of transport and locomotion, and of the military art. Adjoining is a temple of music and a collection of ancient and modern instruments, and then we reach the maze of the Galerie des Industries Diverses, where the French and foreign sections are installed in lucid order, with many novelties and

IRRESPONSIBLE ADVISERS.

I suppose every man has some confidence in his own opinions. He knows, or thinks he knows, what is good to be done, though he may not be wise enough to follow his own teaching. It is easy to give advice; it is also pleasant, and, since advice is rarely followed, it cannot be called dangerous. The world abounds with advisers. There are few readers of the daily papers who cannot tell the Government what it ought to do in the most difficult emergency. The misfortune is that the advice in such cases is seldom based upon knowledge. We who look on at the difficult game of statesmanship have but the faintest notion of the object of the players. We have opinions; they have knowledge and responsibility; and the difference between us is immense. And what is true of politics, is true in every department of life. It is seldom that a man understands any business but his own—too often he does not understand that—yet he is none the less ready to judge his neighbour and to advise him.

In small things as well as great the same disposition prevails. Did you ever know a woman who could not say how another woman ought to dress or to behave? Did you ever know a man who had the least fear of being mistaken when criticising an author or an artist? On the contrary, the experience of the publisher and of the picture-dealer makes them hesitate in their judgment, for responsibility brings with it a consciousness of human fallibility. So long as we attend to our own concerns, this burden hangs upon us with a weight

Heavy as frost and deep almost as life; but when we attend to the affairs of others we can throw the burden off. That is why gossip is pleasant and scandal not always shunned; that is why we like to criticise our friends, to prescribe rules of conduct, to lay down the law (which means our law), and to act as censors within our little circle. If people did but attend to what we say, what a different world it would be! The Irish question would have been settled long ago, so would the defences of the country; and the great evils of great cities, if not wholly cured, would be greatly lessened. Dobbins, the churchwarden, would not have been so indiscreet as to raise the question of free and open churches; nor would Mrs. Tompkins have crowned her ugly face with a hat fit for a girl of sixteen. There is no subject that comes amiss to the irresponsible adviser. He (or she, and the shes are in the ascendant) knows precisely what ought to be done under every circumstance of life, and finds an exquisite pleasure in saying, "Didn't I tell you so?" when a misfortune happens which he considers due to the neglect of his advice.

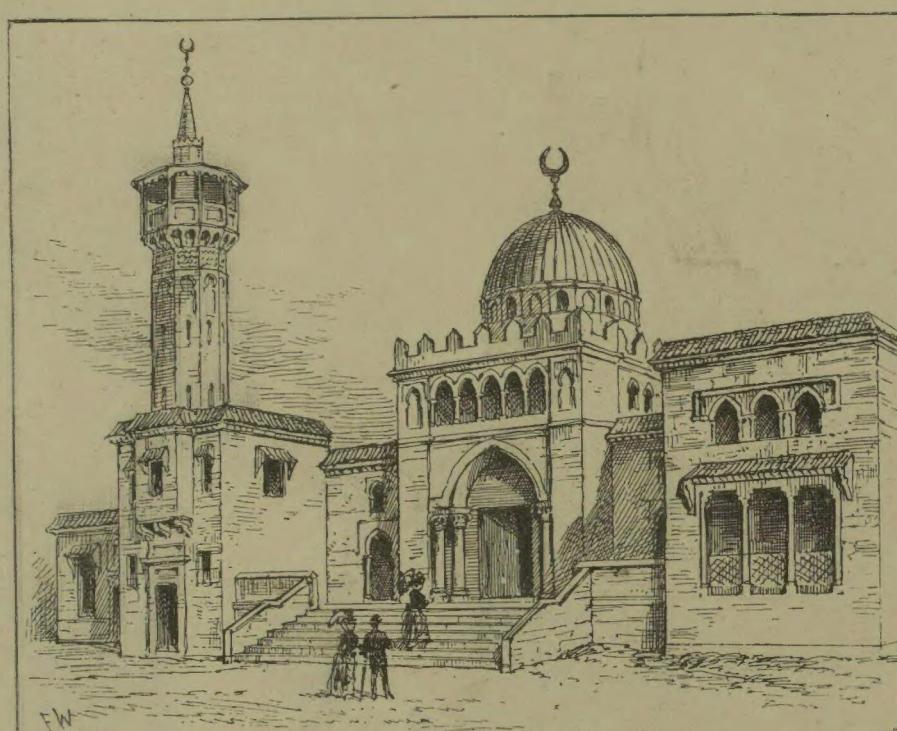
Perhaps the essay-writer understands as well as anyone the art of giving such advice as entails small responsibility. In the good old days of essay-writing, the "Tatler" and "Spectator" delivered the minutest criticisms on the habits and follies of fashionable society. They described the triumphs of Delamira's fan; the effects of high-heeled shoes; the manufacture of that "wonderful structure" a lady's head-dress; the circumference of the petticoat, "stiff with hoops and armed with ribs of whale"; the virtues of pin-money; the behaviour of a fine woman at church; and the custom of painting among the ladies. Not an extravagance or vice of the day, scarcely even a female foible, is left unnoticed by the eighteenth century essayists. There is room for similar comments still; but the essayist of our time is a serious mortal, and leaves these trivialities to the interviewer, whose function is to describe when he can and to invent when he cannot. This curious product of the age has been known to print a conversation with a person to whom he has never spoken, and to describe with copious details the first night of a play in anticipation of a performance that never took place. The essayist has less ability or more conscience, and is content to walk on safer ground. He descends from a sprightly race, but a race that loved to moralise and give good counsel; and if the old mirth, the

sparkling wit, the genial humour are generally lacking, he can, at least, imitate Steele and Addison in making comments and in giving advice.

The modern essayist is not always, perhaps, inferior to the charming writers who flourished in the last century; but if he ventures to poach on their manor and to exhibit, as a reformer, the follies, amusements, and fashions of the town, he is out of touch with the time—chiefly, I suppose, because the world has grown too large for his contracted aims and miniature efforts. Advice from anybody but a doctor counts for little now-a-days, and the essay-writer may use the choicest words and aptest illustrations in vain. In the good old time of which I have spoken, humour and vivacity concealed his gravity of purpose, or made his advice palatable. The "Spectator" was as essential to the breakfast-table as the coffee and toast; but even Addison, were he living in these days of rush and steam, would be thrust aside by the sensational novelist and the society journalist.

It constantly happens that when a man has made up his mind about some serious affair he goes to a friend for advice. He wants, perhaps, to fortify his resolution by a fresh judgment, and yet he never dreams for a moment of acting on that judgment should it prove adverse. The friend, unless he be a fool, knows instinctively that he is talking to the wind, which is not pleasant to his self-love; at the same time, it relieves him of responsibility. It has been frequently observed that irresolute, mindless men are often the most obstinate; they will not listen to advice lest they should betray their weakness. Polonius, in spite of all his wise saws, was a man of this stamp—cock-sure and pig-headed—and his descendants have not died out. You may meet them any day in society, and they have been sometimes known to stand upon platforms. Irresponsible advice is generally superficial. In studying his own affairs a man tries to look at them all round; they have his full interest, and require all his judgment; but his advice to a friend too often lacks the sympathy without which it is valueless. He shirks responsibility, and is content with the delivery of platitudes. There are times when what may be called the enthusiasm of friendship demands the most entire self-forgetfulness, and the man who in such moments shrinks from speaking out warmly and plainly is unworthy to be called a friend, so true is it that

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentful glows. J. D.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION: TUNISIAN PAVILION, PLACE DES INVALIDES,
SECTION OF THE FRENCH COLONIES.

splendours which we have not space to note in this first rapid *coup d'œil* of the Great World's Fair of 1889.

In conclusion, let us remark the profusion and variety of restaurants, cafés, bars, buffets, and grill-rooms, distributed all over the Exhibition. English, French, Dutch, Americans, Russians, Hungarians, Arabs, Roumanians, Egyptians, Austrians, Swiss, Indians, all in their native costumes and many accompanied by native musicians, are busy on the Champ de Mars and on the Esplanade des Invalides preparing their stews and their gridirons in view of the battle which they will have to wage daily for the next six months against the appetites of 50,000 visitors. In a word, the Paris Exhibition promises to be a marvellous show of Art, Science, and Industry, and a most amusing cosmopolitan pleasure fair. T. C.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The preliminary programme of the British Association, which is to be held at Newcastle-on-Tyne this year, commencing on Sept. 11, has been published.

The first general meeting will be held in the evening of Sept. 11, when Sir F. J. Bramwell, the late president, will resign the chair, and Professor W. H. Flower, Director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, the president-elect, will assume the presidency.

On Thursday evening, Sept. 12, a soirée will be held.

On Monday evening, Sept. 16, a discourse on "How Plants Maintain Themselves in the Struggle for Existence" will be given by Mr. Walter Gardiner.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 17, there will be a second soirée; and the concluding general meeting will be held on Wednesday afternoon.

In the Mathematical and Physical Science Section, Captain Abney will be president; in the Chemical Science Section, Sir Isaac Lothian Bell will be president; in the Geological Section, Professor Geikie will preside; in the Geographical Section, Sir Francis de Winton; and in the Economic Science, Mechanical Science, and Anthropology Departments, Professor Edgeworth, Mr. W. Anderson, and Professor Sir W. Turner will respectively fill the presidential chairs.

It is expected that Lord Armstrong will contribute some interesting facts as to the recent development in naval gunnery and armaments.

Mr. Benjamin Baker will address the meeting of the operating class in a large hall on the Forth banks on the Saturday evening.

Amongst the vice-presidents are the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Durham, the Earl of Ravensworth, the Bishop of Newcastle, Lord Armstrong, the Warden of the University of Durham, Sir C. Mark Palmer, M.P., and the Right Hon. J. Morley, M.P.

The Bishop of Wakefield has been presented with a handsome pastoral staff, subscribed for by laymen in the diocese. The Bishop, in acknowledging the gift, said he received it as an emblem of the high office he had to exercise among them, and as a sign of the goodwill of the laity towards the Church.

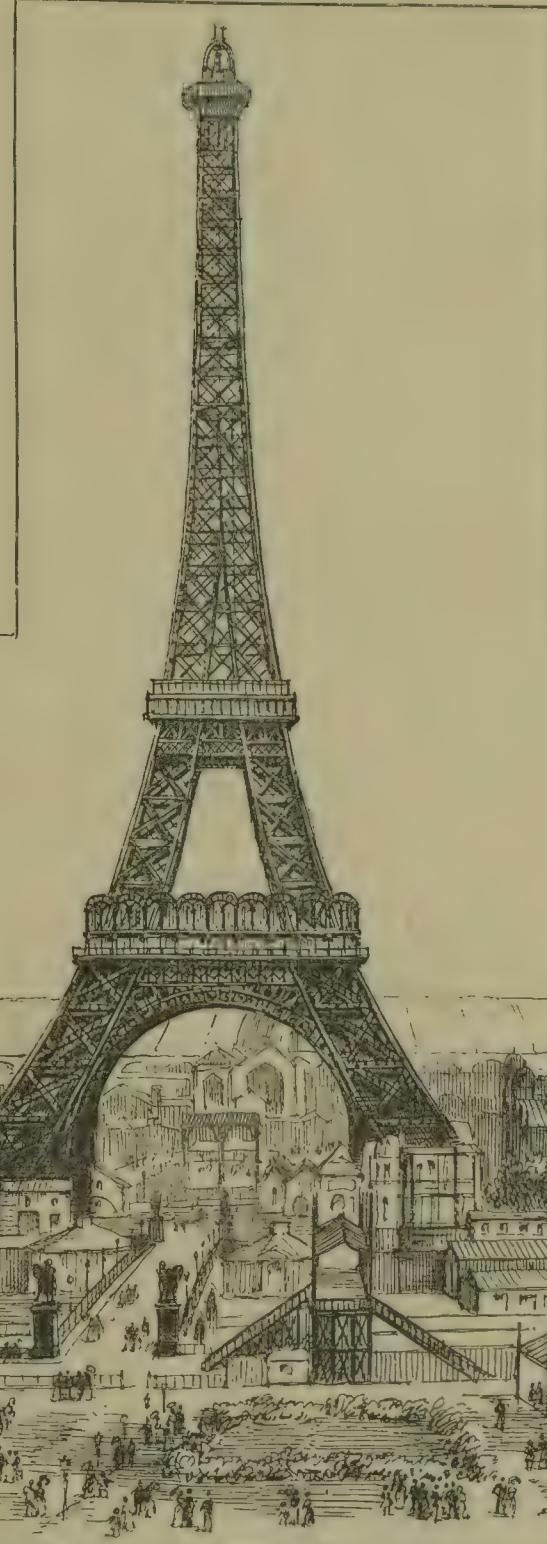
PEOPLE I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE KNOWN. It is not out of any dissatisfaction with those amiable and honourable persons who have distinguished me by their friendship, nor in any spirit of disrespect to the wits and the sages, the great men and good, with whom it has been my privilege to become more or less closely acquainted in the course of a tolerably long experience, that I love to dwell on the memories of the people whom I should like to have known. We are none of us, say the moralists, insensible to the promptings of curiosity; and the past, with which we are unfamiliar, is necessarily and naturally more interesting than the present, of which we are so heartily weary. The men of the old times are invested with a charm, with an attraction, which our contemporaries cannot pretend (and do not wish) to equal—they are at a distance, and 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view. There is nothing really wrong or unfair in this: to judge of the true elevation of a mountain, as to estimate the full effect of a picture, we must not be too near it. Therefore, the heroic in the character and action of great living statesmen, warriors, and philanthropists will be more warmly acknowledged and more generously appreciated by posterity than by their contemporaries—which may be very hard upon them, but is evidently no reproach to us. I know not, however, that I am under any compulsion to explain or excuse a desire which I have long cherished for personal intercourse with many of the illustrious and some of the obscure dead—a wish to have seen them in their habit as they lived, to have heard them speak, to have gathered the stories of their lives from their own lips, to have dwelt with eager vision on their features, their bearing, and to have questioned them, perhaps, respecting the worthies they, too, had known, and served, and loved. No doubt the desire is common enough. Few English-speaking men and women of ordinary intelligence, I suppose, but have felt a longing to have known, or at least, to have seen—William Shakespeare. To have gazed on that smooth broad forehead, shaped like the dome of an august temple, on those luminous brown eyes, on that firm sweet mouth, on that sensitive and most eloquent countenance—to have listened to his glorious talk, ranging

wreath reflecting of eternal beams"? He spoke seldom, we are told, and he spoke slowly; but something he might have said about those lofty thoughts and wonderful conceptions which were as natural to him as melody is to the skylark—something about his exile, his wanderings, and his many sorrows.

To have foregathered with all the people one would like to have known, one would have needed that gift of immortality enjoyed by Lord Lytton's Zanoni, or Dr. Croly's Salathiel, or the legendary Ahasuerus; for they belong to different ages and different lands. Julius Cæsar, most con-

Jeanne d'Arc, it is recorded that as the flames began to leap about her she called for a crucifix to comfort and strengthen her in her agony. Then one of those stern English soldiers who formed a ring of iron round the place of execution, and stared at the Maid with cruel eyes, suddenly stepped forward, broke his staff in two, put the pieces together so as to form a cross, and handed the rude symbol to her. It was probably the same soldier who, when the sacrifice was completed, cried out, "We are undone! We have burned a saint!" This one man who, in spite of national prejudice, and the odium attaching to the Maid as a reputed witch, could recognise her exquisite purity and saintliness, and administer what Christian help he could, must have been, I think, a man of noble temper and a man well worth knowing. We read much in history about the fame of military commanders, and the glory of their victories; but I should like to have known some of the fighting-men whose patient courage won them; to have had if only an hour's talk with some of the stout warriors who stood at bay at Agincourt, some of the gallant bowmen who turned the tide of battle at Flodden, some of the psalm-singing Ironsides who cleared the field at Naseby, some of the seamen who fought under Blake's flag at Santa Cruz. Then there are heroes in humble life whom to have known would have been a manly education: such as the carpenter, Edward Touzel, who prevented the destruction of St. Helier by extinguishing with brave, untiring hands a fire that had broken out in the gunpowder-magazine of the fort; Grace Darling, the lighthouse-keeper's daughter, who saved the survivors from the wreck of the Forfarshire; and Jack Jones, the Welshman, who carried the burning brands out of a reserve magazine at Ciudad Rodrigo, and, at the imminent peril of his own life, saved the lives of Wellington and his staff.

The ranks of the people I should like to have known are extending so rapidly that I lack the space for their accommodation. Yet I must point to a class—the friends or servants of great men—which includes not a few persons with whom I should be glad to have hobnobbed occasionally—to have seized them by the button, and persuaded them to unfold. There are questions about great men, questions of the highest interest and importance, which you can put to their valets or



THE PARIS EXHIBITION: GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, FROM THE TROCADERO.

over wide worlds of thought and fancy and feeling: such a boon would have been worth almost any sacrifice that could be demanded of us! I confess, for my own part, to a scarcely smaller anxiety to have known Miguel Cervantes; and next to the presumptuous pleasure of questioning Shakespeare about the philosophy of "Hamlet," I should put that of chatting with Cervantes about all he means in "Don Quixote."

None will cavil, I suppose, at the admission that Sir Walter Raleigh is among the people I should like to have known. If it were possible to call up from "the vasty deep" the brilliant array of the Elizabethan worthies, I feel confident that we should all fix our attention upon that splendid presence; on the high forehead, the keen, expressive eyes; the resolute, vivacious face; the tall, creet, and vigorous figure, set off by an exceptional bravery of dress—soft, thick velvets, embroidered damasks, rich lace, and shining jewels. How, with ears intent, we should hearken to the soldier-poet's picturesque story of his adventures by land and sea, of his encounters with truculent Spaniards, his wanderings in far lands, his dreams of a City of Gold, his part in Court intrigues, his quarrel with the unfortunate Essex, his love-making and verse-making, and his composition of the "History of the World"! Raleigh was many-sided; and it is not easy to say under which aspect he shone the brightest; but we may be sure that in whatever character we had known him, he would have impressed us always with a sense of resource and power, and a feeling that only some adverse Fate could prevent him from attaining to the topmost height of greatness.

The great Florentine, the poet of the "Divina Commedia," Dante Alighieri, with his grave and reserved bearing, his visage rather long and overcast with melancholy, his eyes large but weak—dimmed, one may fancy, with much gazing on the beatific vision, as Milton was blinded by excess of light—strong, aquiline nose, prominent cheek-bones, black curling hair and beard—him, too, I cannot forget to include among the people I should like to have known. Would he have talked about his passion for the beautiful girl whom he has immortalised—the Beatrice whom he loved when a boy of nine—who for sixteen years of studious youth and manhood remained "the day-star of his eyes," and whom, after her early death, he placed in the empyrean of his Paradise, enthroned "in the third circle from the highest," her hair "a

summate of captains and statesmen; Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, Pericles, Plato, Alfred the Great, the Black Prince, Chancery, Spenser, sunniest of poets; that splendid genius Paracelsus, whom, out of jealousy and fear, his contemporaries so foully maligned; that manliest of men, Michel, Sieur de Montaigne; Pascal, Sir Thomas More, who so happily combined the keenest wit and mellowest wisdom; the urbane scholar, Erasmus; the broad-minded Luther, the serene Verulam—as one recalls these names one feels, like the native of Lycaonia, that the gods have come among us in the likeness of men! For my part, I should dearly have prized the fellowship of St. Bernard of Clairvaux: it must have been, I fancy, a foretaste of heaven to have shared his devotions, listened to his teachings, and accompanied him on his Apostolic journeys. His famous maxim, "Laborare est orare," found a commentary in his daily life—and, indeed, no man should utter truths which he is not willing to live up to—so that the littlenesses of our humanity withered away in the bright light which flowed from his spiritual conversation. Then, Girolamo Savonarola, whom the genius of George Eliot has so nobly presented in the pages of "Romola"—it would have been good for us, my friends, to have known him; to have tasted the savour of his enthusiasm, and drunk in the inspiration of his courage. It would have been good for us to have stood by him at Brescia, when he delivered those Lenten sermons which first awoke the heart of slumbering Italy; when in his fervent prayers, and his discourses on the religion of Christ, his whole nature seemed transformed; when he burned with such a divine ardour that, after mass, he was frequently compelled by his exhaustion to withdraw into solitude and silence; and such was its effect on his wondering disciples that his head seemed in their fond eyes to be encircled with a halo or luminous crown! It would have been good for us, also, to have stood among the select few who listened, in hushed admiration, near the damask rose-tree, in the cloister of San Marco—which the loving reverence of the monks has renewed at intervals to the present day—while Savonarola expounded the Apocalyptic mysteries, and spoke of the ineffable felicity of the sons of God.

But there are minor personages whom, scarcely less eagerly than the great ones of the world, I should like to have known; who, in their way, might serve me or you, perhaps, scarcely less profitably than poet or philosopher. At the burning of that sweetest, purest, and noblest of heroines,

their friends but not to themselves. Think of the information about Shakespeare one could have gleaned from his son-in-law, Dr. Edward Hall! Think what he could have told us of the poet's manner of life, of his religious opinions, of his political views, of the true history of his sonnets, of the exact relations between him and his wife, of his conversation, of—yes; I should have liked to have known Dr. Edward Hall! And Milton's nephew—young Phillips—he could have supplied us with many a striking fact about his famous uncle which is not recorded in the biographies; for biographies—at least the earlier ones—seldom or never tell us about that which must always have a great charm for thoughtful readers—the private, the domestic life of their heroes—the little but precious details which bring out a man's idiosyncrasies. I should like to have known some member of Cromwell's household—say, his son-in-law, Ireton—who could have thrown the light of a full and perfect knowledge on the character of that remarkable man. I should like to have known Bentinck, the faithful friend and councillor of William III.; and Lord Brooke, the friend of Sidney; and Windham, the friend of Chatham: but why lengthen the list? It would be pleasant to have known all or any who could supply us with fuller materials for the study of the great men who have made the history and the literature of the nations, or have set before us noble examples of generous living and heroic dying; who have done something, by deed or word, to raise the standard and further the welfare of our humanity; and in this way or other ways have come to be included, in a spirit of gratitude, love, or reverence, among—the people we should like to have known.

W. H. D.A.

In the week ended on April 27 thirteen steamers left Liverpool for the United States and Canada, and they carried across the Atlantic no fewer than 10,000 emigrants.

The Bishop of Rochester has issued a protest against the prevalent fashion of overdressing girls who offer themselves for confirmation. He says "Mock pearls in the humbler class and white satin shoes in the higher" should gently, but firmly, be eschewed. He goes on to say: "Nothing would distress me more than to have to send a candidate back for showy or tawdry apparel; but for example's sake it may be necessary for me to do it."

CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF THE TENDER CARE OF CHARMION; OF THE HEALING OF HARMACHIS; OF THE SAILING OF THE FLEET OF CLEOPATRA FOR CILICIA; AND OF THE SPEECH OF BRENNUS TO HARMACHIS.



LEOPATRA went, and for a while I lay silent, gathering up my strength to speak. But Charmion came and stood over me, and I felt a great tear fall from her dark eyes upon my face, as the first heavy drop of rain falls from a stormy cloud.

"Thou goest," she whispered — "thou goest fast whether I may not follow! O Harmachis, how gladly would I give my life for thine!"

Then at length I opened my eyes, and as best I could I spoke —

"Restrain thy grief, dear friend," I said, "I live yet; and, in truth, I feel as though new life did gather in my breast!"

She gave a little cry of joy, and never saw I aught more beautiful than the change that came upon her weeping face! It was as when the first lights of the day run up the ashen pallor of that sad sky which veils the night from dawn. All rosy grew her lovely countenance; her dim eyes shone out like stars; and a smile of wonderment, more sweet than the sudden smile of the sea as its ripples wake to brightness beneath the kiss of the risen moon, broke through her rain of tears.

"Thou livest!" she cried, throwing herself upon her knees beside my couch. "Thou livest—and I thought thee gone! Thou art come back to me! Oh! what say I? How foolish is a woman's heart! 'Tis this long watching! Nay; sleep and rest thee, Harmachis!—why dost thou talk? Not one more word, I command thee straitly! Oh, where is the draught left by that long-bearded fool? Nay; thou shalt have no draught! There, sleep, Harmachis; sleep!" and she crouched down at my side and laid her cool hand upon my brow, murmuring, "Sleep, sleep, sleep!"

And when I woke there still she was, but the lights of dawn were peeping through the casement. There still she knelt, one hand upon my forehead, and her head, in all its disarray of curls, resting upon her outstretched arm. "Charmion," I whispered, "have I slept?"

Instantly she was wide awake, and gazing on me with tender eyes, "Yea, thou hast slept, Harmachis."

"How long, then, have I slept?"

"Nine hours."

"And thou hast held thy place there, at my side, for nine long hours?"

"Yea, it is naught; I also have slept—I feared to waken thee if I stirred."

"Go rest thee," I said; "it shames me to think of this thing. Go rest thee, Charmion!"

"Vex not thyself," she answered—"see, I will bid a slave watch thee, and to wake me if thou needest aught; I sleep there, in the outer chamber. Peace—I go!" and she strove to rise, but so cramped was she, fell straightway on the floor.

Scarce can I tell the sense of shame that filled me when I saw her fall. Alas! I could not stir to help her.

"It is naught," she said; "move not, I did but catch my foot. There!" and she rose, again to fall—"a pest upon my awkwardness! why—I must be sleeping!—tis well now. I'll send the slave," and she staggered thence like one o'ercome with wine.

And after that, once more I slept, for I was very weak. When I woke it was afternoon, and I craved for food, which Charmion brought me.

I ate! "Then I die not?" I said.

"Nay," she answered, with a toss of her head, "thou wilt live. In truth, I did waste my pity on thee."

"And thy pity did save my life," I said wearily, for now I remembered.

"It is naught," she answered carelessly. "After all, thou art my cousin; also, I love nursing: 'tis a woman's trade. Like enough I had done as much for any slave. Now, too, that the danger is past, I leave thee."

"Better hadst thou done to let me die, Charmion," I said after a while, "for life to me can now be naught but one long shame. Tell me, then, when sails Cleopatra for Cilicia?"

"In twenty days she sails, and with such pomp and glory as Egypt hath never seen. Of a truth, I cannot guess where she has found the gold to gather in this store of splendour, as a husbandman gathers his rich fruits."

But I, knowing whence came the wealth, groaned in bitterness of spirit, and made no answer.

"Goest thou also, Charmion?" I asked presently.

"Aye, I and all the Court. Thou, too—thou goest."

"I go! Nay, why is this?"

"Because thou art her slave, and must march in gilded chains behind her chariot; because she fears to leave thee here in Khem; because it is her will, and there is an end."

"Charmion, can I not escape?"

"Escape, thou poor sick man! Nay, how canst thou escape? E'en now most strictly art thou guarded. And if thou didst escape, whither wouldst thou fly? There's not an honest man in Egypt but would spit on thee in scorn!"

Once more I groaned in spirit, and, being so very weak, I felt the tears roll adown my cheek.

"Weep not!" she said hastily, and turning her face aside.

"Be a man, and brave these troubles out. Thou hast sown, now must thou reap; but after harvest the waters rise and wash away the roots, and then once more comes seed-time. Perchance, yonder in Cilicia, a way may be found when once more thou art strong whereby thou mayst fly—if in truth thou canst bear thy life apart from Cleopatra's smile; then in some far land must thou dwell till these things are forgotten. And

now my task is done, so fare thee well. At times will I come to visit thee and see that thou needest naught."

So she went, and thenceforward was I nursed, and that skilfully, by the physician and two women-slaves; and as my wound healed so my strength came back to me, slowly at first then most swiftly. In four days from that time I left my couch, and in three more I could walk an hour in the palace gardens; another week and I could read and think, though I went no more to Court. And at length one afternoon Charmion came and bade me make ready, for in two days would the fleet sail, first for the coast of Syria, and thence to the gulf of Issus and Cilicia.

Thereon, with all formality, and in writing, I craved leave of Cleopatra that I might be left, urging that my health was even now so feeble that I could not travel. But in answer a message was sent to me that I must come. And so, on the appointed day, I was carried in a litter down to the boat, and together with that very soldier who had cut me down, the Captain Brennus, and others of his troop (who, indeed, were sent to guard me), we rowed aboard the vessel where she lay at anchor with the rest of the great fleet. For Cleopatra was voyaging as though to war in much pomp, and escorted by a mighty fleet of ships, whereof her galley, built like a house and lined throughout with cedar and silken hangings, was the most beautiful and costly that the world has ever seen. But on this vessel I went not, and, therefore, it chanced that I saw not Cleopatra nor Charmion till we landed at the mouth of the river Cydnus. The signal being made, the fleet set sail; and the wind being fair, on the evening of the second day we came to Joppa. Thence we sailed slowly with contrary winds up the coast of Syria, making Cesarea, and Ptolemais, and Tyrus, and Berytus, and past Lebanon's white brow crowned with his crest of cedars, on to Heraclea and across the gulf of Issus to the mouth of Cydnus. And ever as we journeyed, the strong breath of the sea brought back my health, till at length, save for a line of white upon my head where the sword had fallen, was I almost as I had been. And one night, as we drew near Cydnus, while Brennus and I sat alone together on the deck, his eye fell upon the white mark his sword had made, and he swore a great oath by his heathen Gods. "An thou hadst died, lad," he said, "methinks I could never again have held up my head! Ah! that was a coward stroke, and shamed am I to think that I should have struck it, and thou on the ground and with thy back to me! Knowest thou that when thou didst lie 'twixt life and death, every day I came to ask tidings of thee? and I swore by Taranis that if thou didst die I'd turn my back upon that soft palace life and then away for the bonny North."

"Nay, trouble not, Brennus," I answered; "it was thy duty."

"Mayhap! but there are duties that a brave man should not do—nay, not at the bidding of any Queen who ever ruled in Egypt! Thy blow had dazed me or I had not struck. What is it, lad?—art in trouble with this Queen of ours? Why art thou dragged a prisoner upon this pleasure party? Knowest thou that we are strictly charged that if thou dost escape our lives shall pay the price?"

"Aye, in sore trouble, friend," I answered; "ask me no more."

"Then, being of the age thou art—there's a woman in it, that swear I—and, perchance, though I am rough and foolish, I might make a guess. Look thou, lad, what sayest thou? I am awear of the service of Cleopatra and this hot land of deserts and of luxury, that sap a man's strength and drain his pocket; and so are others whom I wot of. What sayest thou: let's take one of these unwieldy vessels and away to the North? I'll lead thee to a better land than Egypt—a land of lake and mountain and great forests of sweet-scented pine; aye, and find thee a girl fit to mate with, mine own niece—a girl strong and tall, with wide blue eyes and long, fair hair, and arms that could crack thy ribs were she of a mind to hug thee! Come, what sayest thou? Put away the past, and away for the bonny North, and be a son to me."

For a moment I thought, and then sadly shook my head; for though sorely was I tempted to be gone, I knew that in Egypt lay my fate, and my fate I might not fly.

"It may not be, Brennus," I answered. "Fain would I that it might be, but I am bound by a chain of destiny which I cannot break, and in the land of Egypt I must live and die."

"As thou wilt, lad," said the old warrior. "Dearly should I have loved to marry thee among my people, and make a son of thee. At the least, remember that while I am here thou hast Brennus for a friend. And one thing more: beware of that beauteous Queen of thine, for, by Taranis, perchance an hour may come when she will hold that thou knowest too much, and then"—and he drew his hand across his throat. "And now good-night; a cup of wine, then to sleep, for to-morrow the foolery!"

[Here several lengths of the second roll of papyrus are so broken as to be undecipherable. They seem to have been descriptive of Cleopatra's voyage up the Cydnus to the city of Tarsus.]

And—[the writing continues]—to those who could take joy in such things, the sight must, indeed, have been a gallant one. For the stern of our galley was covered with sheets of beaten gold, the sails were of the scarlet of Tyre, and the oars of silver dipped in the water to the measure of music. And there, in the centre of the vessel, beneath an awning ablaze with gold embroidery, lay Cleopatra, attired as the Roman Venus (and surely Venus was not more fair!), in a thin robe of whitest silk, bound in beneath her breast with a golden girdle delicately graven o'er with scenes of love. All about her were little rosy boys, chosen for their beauty, and clad in naught save downy wings strapped upon their shoulders, and on their backs Cupid's bow and quiver, who fanned her with fans of plumes. And upon the vessel's decks, handling the cordage that was of silken web, and softly singing to the sound of the harps and the beat of the oars, stood no rough sailors, but women lovely to behold, some clad as Graces and some as Nereids—that is, scarce clad at all, save in their scented hair. And behind the couch, with drawn sword, stood Brennus, in splendid armour and winged helmet of gold; and by him others—I among them, in robes richly worked, and knew that I was indeed a slave! On the high poop also burned golden censers filled with costliest incense, whereof the fragrant steam hung in little clouds about our wake.

Thus, as in a dream of luxury, followed by many ships, we glided on toward the wooded slopes of Taurus, at whose foot lay that ancient city Tarshish. And ever as we came the people gathered on the banks and ran before us, shouting, "Venus is risen from the sea! Venus hath come to visit Bacchus!" We drew near to the city, and all its people—everyone who could walk or be carried—crowded down in thousands to the docks, and with them came the whole army of Antony, so that at length the Triumvir was left alone upon the judgment-seat.

With them came Dellius the false-tongued, fawning and bowing, and in the name of Antony gave the "Queen of Beauty" greeting, bidding her to a feast that Antony had made ready. But she made high answer, and said, "Forsooth, 'tis Antony who should wait on us; not we on Antony. Bid

the noble Antony to our poor table this night, else we dine alone."

Dellius went, bowing to the ground; the feast was made ready; and then at last I set eyes on Antony. Clad in purple robes he came, a great man and beautiful to see, set in the stout prime of life, with bright eyes of blue and curling hair, and features cut sharply as a Grecian gem. For great he was of form and royal of mien, and with an open countenance, whereon his thoughts were writ so clear that all might read them; only the weakness of the mouth belied the power of the brow. He came companioned by his generals, and when he reached the couch whereon Cleopatra lay he stood astonished, gazing on her with wide opened eyes. She, too, gazed on him earnestly; I saw the red blood run up beneath her skin, and a great pang of jealousy seized upon my heart. And Charmion, who saw all beneath her downcast eyes, saw this also and smiled. But Cleopatra spoke no word, only she stretched out her white hand for him to kiss; and he, saying no word, took her hand and kissed it.

"Behold, noble Antony!" she said at last in her voice of music, "thou hast called me, and I am come."

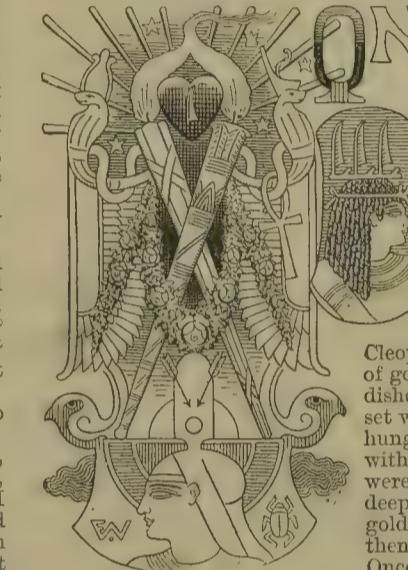
"Venus has come," he answered in his deep notes, and still holding his eyes fast fixed upon her face. "I called a woman—a Goddess hath risen from the deep!"

"To find a God to greet her on the land," she laughed with ready wit. "Well, a truce to compliments, for being on the earth e'en Venus is ahungered. Noble Antony, thy hand." The trumpets blared, and through the bowing crowd Cleopatra, followed by her train, passed hand in hand with Antony to the feast.

[Here there is another break in the papyrus.]

CHAPTER XXII.

OF THE FEAST OF CLEOPATRA; OF THE MELTING OF THE PEARL; OF THE SAYING OF HARMACHIS; AND OF CLEOPATRA'S VOW OF LOVE.



the third night once more was the feast prepared in the hall of the great house that had been set aside to the use of Cleopatra, and on this night its splendour was greater even than on the nights before. For the twelve triclinia (couches) that were set about the table were embossed with gold, and those of Cleopatra and Antony were of gold set with jewels. The dishes also were all of gold set with jewels, the walls were hung with purple cloths sewn with gold, and on the floor were strewn fresh roses ankle-deep, covered with a net of gold, that as the slaves trod them sent up their perfume. Once again was I bid to stand with Charmion and

Iras and Merira, behind the couch of Cleopatra, and, like a slave, from time to time call out the hours as they flew. And there being no help, wild at heart I went; but this I swore—it should be for the last time, for I could not bear that shame. For though I would not yet believe what Charmion told me—that Cleopatra was about to become the love of Antony—yet could I no more endure this ignominy and torture. For from Cleopatra now I had no words save such words as a Queen speaks to her slave, and methinks it gave her dark heart pleasure to torment me.

Thus it came to pass that I, the Pharaoh, crowned of Khem, stood among eunuchs and waiting-women behind the couch of Egypt's Queen while the feast went merrily and the wine-cup passed. And ever Antony sat, his eyes fixed upon the face of Cleopatra, who from time to time let her deep glance lose itself in his, and then for a little while their talk died away. For he told her tales of war and of deeds that he had done—aye, and love-jests such as are not meet for the ears of women. But at naught took she offence: rather, falling into his humour, would she cap his stories with others of a finer wit, but not less shameless.

At length, the rich meal being finished, Antony gazed at the splendour round him.

"Tell me, then, most lovely Egypt!" he said: "are the sands of Nile compact of gold, that thou canst, night by night, thus squander the ransom of a King upon a single feast? Whence comes this untold wealth?"

I bethought me of the tomb of the divine Menka-ra, whose holy treasure was thus wickedly wasted, and looked up, so that Cleopatra's eye caught mine; but, reading my thoughts, she frowned heavily.

"Why, noble Antony," she said, "surely it is naught! In Egypt we have our secrets, and know whence to conjure riches at our need. Say, what is the value of this golden service, and of the meats and drinks that have been set before us?"

He cast his eyes about, and hazarded a guess.

"Maybe, a thousand sestertia."

"Thou hast understated it by half, noble Antony! But, such as it is, I give it thee and those with thee as a free token of my friendship. And more will I show thee now: I, myself, will eat and drink ten thousand sestertia at a draught."

"That cannot be, fair Egypt!"

She laughed, and bade a slave bring her vinegar in a glass. When it was brought she set it before her, and laughed again, while Antony rising from his couch drew near, and sat himself at her side, and all the company leant forward to see what she would do. And this she did. From her ear she took one of those great pearls, which last of all had been drawn from the body of the divine Pharaoh; and before any could guess her purpose she let it fall into the vinegar. Then came silence, the silence of wonder, and slowly the peerless pearl melted in the acid. When it was melted she took the glass and shook it, then drank the vinegar to the last drop.

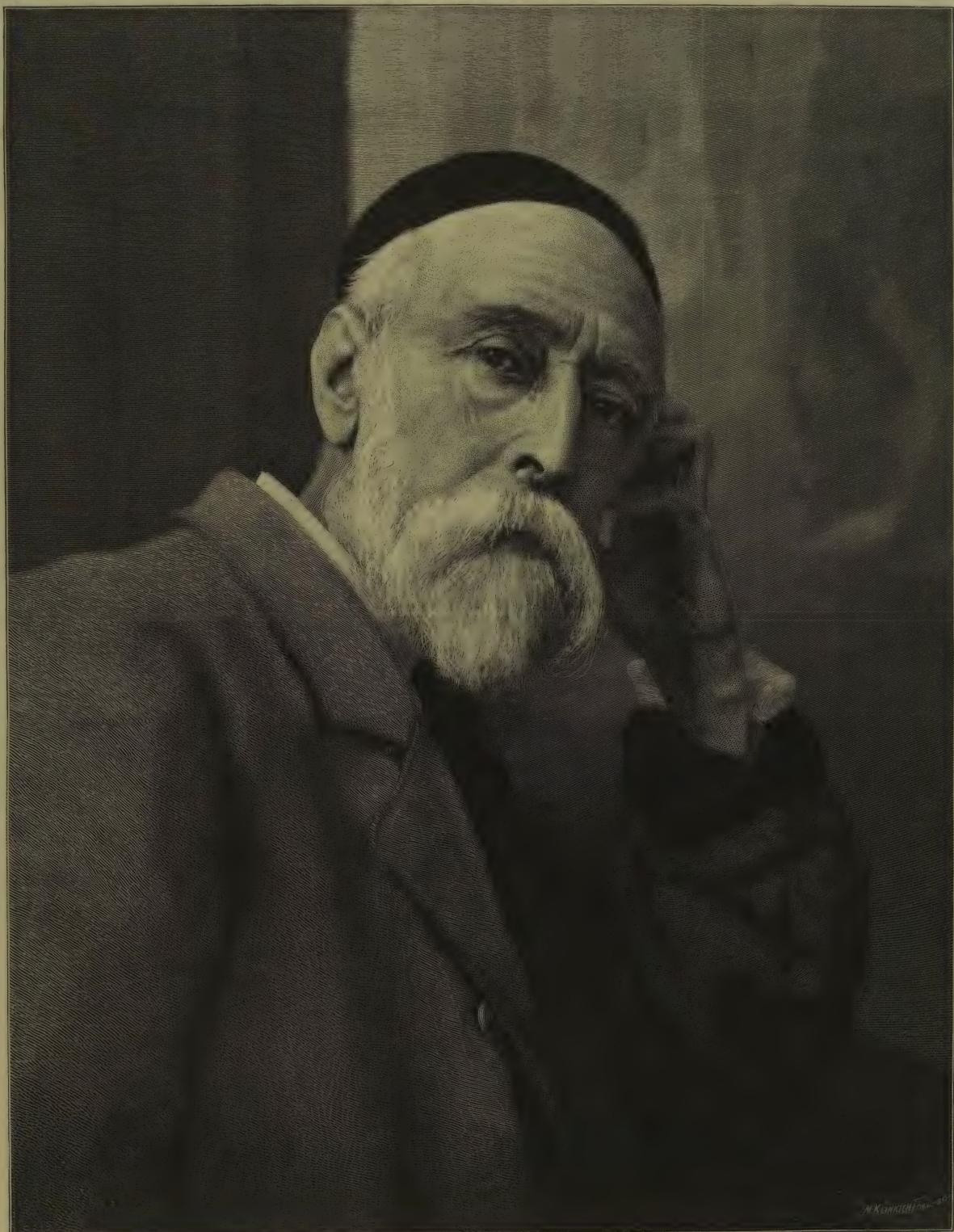
"More vinegar, slave!" she cried, "my meal is but half finished!" and she drew forth the second pearl.

"By Bacchus, no! that shalt thou not!" cried Antony, snatching at her hands; "I have seen enough." And at that moment, moved thereto by I know not what, I called aloud,

"The hour falls—the hour of the coming of the curse of Menka-ra!"

An ashy whiteness grew upon Cleopatra's face, and furiously she turned upon me, while all the company gazed wondering, not knowing what the words might mean.

* About eight thousand pounds of English money.—ED.



MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HENRY CAMERON, 10, MORTIMER-STREET, W.

G. F. WATTS, R.A.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

From her ear she took one of those great pearls, and before any could guess her purpose she let it fall into the vinegar.

"Thou ill-omened slave!" she cried. "Speak thus once more and thou shalt be scourged with rods!—aye, scourged like an evildoer—that I promise thee, Harmacius!"

"What means the knave of an astrologer?" asked Antony. "Speak, Sirrah! and make clear thy meaning, for those who deal in curses must warrant their wares."

"I am a servant of the Gods, noble Antony. That which the Gods put in my mind that must I say; nor can I read their meaning," I answered humbly.

"Oh, oh! thou servest the Gods, dost thou, thou many-coloured mystery?" (This he said having reference to my splendid robes.) "Well, I serve the Goddesses, which is a softer cult. And there's this between us: that though what they put in my mind I say, neither can I read their meaning," and he glanced at Cleopatra as one who questions.

"Let the knave be," she said impatiently; "to-morrow we'll be rid of him. Sirrah, begone!"

I bowed and went; and, as I went, I heard Antony say,

"Well, a knave he may be—for that all men are; but this for thy astrologer: he hath a Royal air and the eye of a king—aye, and wit in it."

Without the door I paused, not knowing what to do, for I was bewildered with misery. And, as I stood, someone touched me on the hand. I glanced up—it was Charmion, who, in the confusion of the rising of the guests, had slipped away and followed me.

For in trouble Charmion was ever at my side.

"Follow me," she whispered; "thou art in danger."

I turned and followed her. Why should I not?

"Whither go we?" I asked at length.

"To my chamber," she said. "Fear not, we ladies of Cleopatra's Court have small good fame to lose: if anyone by chance should see us, they'll think that 'tis a love-tryst, and such are all the fashion."

I followed, and, presently, skirting the crowd, we came unseen to a little side-entrance that led to a stair, up which we passed. The stair ended in a passage; we turned down it till we found a door on the left hand. Silently Charmion entered, and I followed her into a dark chamber. Being in, she barred the door, and, kindling tinder to a flame, lit a hanging lamp. As the light grew strong I gazed around. The chamber was not large, and had but one casement, closely shuttered. For the rest, it was simply furnished, having white walls, some chests for garments, an ancient chair, what I took to be a tiring-table, whereon were combs, perfumes,

and all the frippery that pertains to woman, and a white bed with a broderied coverlid, over which was hung a gnat-gauze.

"Be seated, Harmachis," she said, pointing to the chair. I took the chair, and Charm'on, throwing back the gnat-gauze, sat herself upon the bed before me.

"Knewest thou what I heard Cleopatra say as thou didst leave the banqueting-hall?" she asked presently.

"Nay, I know not."

"She gazed after thee, and, as I went over to her to do some service, she murmured to herself: 'By Serapis, I will make an end! No longer will I wait: to-morrow he shall be strangled!'"

"So!" I said; "it may be: though, after all that has been, scarce can I believe that she will murder me."

"Why canst thou not believe it, O thou most foolish of men? Dost forget how nigh thou wast to death there in the Alabaster Hall? Who saved thee then from the knives of the eunuchs? Was it Cleopatra? Or was it I and Brennus? Stay, I will tell thee. Thou canst not yet believe it, because, in thy folly, thou dost not think it possible that the woman who has but lately been as a wife to thee can now, in so short a time, doom thee to be basely done to death. Nay, answer not—I know all; and this I tell thee—thou hast not measured the depth of Cleopatra's perfidy, nor canst thou dream the blackness of her wicked heart. She had surely slain thee in Alexandria had she not feared that thy slaughter being noised abroad might bring trouble on her. Therefore has she brought thee here to kill thee secretly. For what more canst thou give her?—she has thy heart's love, and is wearied of thy strength and beauty. She has robbed thee of thy Royal birth-right and brought thee, a King, to stand amidst her waiting-women behind her at her feasts; she has won from thee the great secret of the holy treasure!"

"Ah, thou knewest that?"

"Yea, I know all; and to-night thou seest how the wealth stored against the need of Khem is being squandered to fill up the wanton luxury of Khem's Macedonian Queen! Thou seest how she hath kept her oath to wed thee honourably. Harmachis—at length thine eyes are open to the truth!"

"Aye, I see too well; and yet she swore she loved me, and, fool that I was, I did believe her!"

"She swore she loved thee!" answered Charmion, lifting her dark eyes: "now will I show thee how she doth love thee. Knewest thou what was this house? It was a priests' college; and, as thou wottest, Harmachis, priests have their ways. This little chamber aforesome was the chamber of the Head Priest, and the chamber that is beyond and below was the gathering-room of the other priests. All this the old slave who keeps the place told to me, and also she revealed what I shall show thee. Now, Harmachis, be silent as the dead, and follow me."

She blew out the lamp, and by the little light that crept through the shuttered casement led me by the hand to the far corner of the room. Here she pressed upon the wall, and a door opened in its thickness. We entered, and she closed the spring. Now we were in a little chamber, some five cubits in length by four in breadth; for a faint light struggled into the closet, and also the sound of voices, whence I knew not. Loosing my hand, she crept to the end of the place, and looked steadfastly at the wall; then crept back, and, whispering "Silence!" led me forward with her. Then I saw that there were eyeholes in the wall, which pierced it, and were hidden on the farther side by carved work in stone. I looked through the hole that was in front of me, and this I saw. Six cubits below was the level of the floor of another chamber, lit with fragrant lamps, and most richly furnished. It was the sleeping place of Cleopatra, and there, within ten cubits of where we stood, sat Cleopatra on a gilded couch; and by her side sat Antony.

"Tell me," Cleopatra murmured—for so was this place built that every word spoken in the room below came to the ears of the listener above—"tell me, noble Antony, wast pleased with my poor festival?"

"Aye," he answered in his deep soldier's voice, "aye, Egypt, I have made feasts, and been bidden to feasts, but never saw I aught like thine; and this I tell thee, though I am rough of tongue and unskilled in pretty sayings such as women love, thou wast the richest sight of all that splendid board. The red wine was not so red as thy beauteous cheek, the roses smelt not so sweet as the odour of thy hair, and no sapphire there with its deep changing light was so lovely as thy eyes of ocean blue."

"What! praise from Antony?—sweet words from the lips of him whose writings are so harsh?—why, 'tis praise, indeed!"

"Aye," he went on, "'twas a Royal feast, though I grieved that thou didst waste that great pearl; and what meant that hour-calling astrologer of thine, with his ill-omened talk of the curse of Menka-ra?"

A shadow fled across her glowing face. "I know not; he was lately wounded in a brawl, and methinks the blow hath crazed him."

He seemed not crazed, and there was that about his voice which doth ring in my ears like some oracle of fate. So wildly, too, he looked upon thee, Egypt, with those piercing eyes of his, like one who loved and yet hated through the love."

"'Tis a strange man, I tell thee, noble Antony, and a learned. Myself, at times, I almost fear him, for deeply is he versed in the ancient arts of Egypt. Knewest thou that the man is of Royal blood, and once he plotted to slay me? But I won him over, and slew him not, for he had the key to secrets that I fain would learn; and, indeed, I loved his wisdom, and to listen to his deep talk of all hidden things."

"By Bacchus, but I grow jealous of the knave! And now, Egypt?"

"And now I have sucked his knowledge dry, and have no more cause to fear him. Didst thou not see that these three nights I have made him stand a slave amid my slaves, and call aloud the hours as they fled in festival? No captive king marching in thy Roman triumphs can have suffered keener pangs than that proud Egyptian Prince as he stood shamed behind my couch."

Here Charmion laid her hand on mine and pressed it, as though in tenderness.

"Well, he shall trouble us no more with his words of evil omen," Cleopatra went on slowly; "to-morrow morn he dies—dies swiftly and in secret, leaving no trace of what his fate hath been. On this is my mind fixed; of a truth, noble Antony, it is fixed. Even as I speak the fear of this man grows and gathers in my breast. Half am I minded to give the word even now, for till he be dead I breathe not freely," and she made as though to rise.

"Let it be till morning," he said, catching her by the hand: "the soldiers drink, and the deed will be ill done. 'Tis pity, too. I love not to think of men slaughtered in their sleep."

"In the morning, perchance, may the hawk have flown," she answered, pondering. "He hath keen ears, this Harmachis, and can summon things that are not of the earth to aid him. Perchance, even now he hears me in the spirit; for, of a truth, I seem to feel his presence breathing round me."

I could tell thee—but no, let him be! Noble Antony, be my tiring woman and loose me this crown of gold, it chafes my brow. Be gentle, hurt me not—so."

He lifted the ureus crown from her brows, and she shook loose her heavy weight of hair that fell about her like a garment.

"Take thy crown, Royal Egypt," he said, speaking low, "take it from my hand; I will not rob thee of it, but rather set it more firmly on that beauteous brow."

"What means my Lord?" she asked, smiling and looking into his eyes.

"What mean I? Why, then, this: hither thou camest at my bidding, to make answer to the charges laid against thee as to matters politic. And knewest thou, Egypt, that hadst thou been other than thou art thou hadst not gone back to Queen it on the Nile; for of this I am sure, the charges against thee are true in fact. But, being what thou art—and look thou! never did Nature serve a woman better!—I forgive thee all. E'en for the sake of thy grace and beauty I forgive thee that which had not been forgiven to virtue, or to patriotism, or to the dignity of age! See now how good a thing is woman's wit and loveliness, that can make kings forget their duty and cozen e'en blindfolded Justice to peep ere she lifts her sword! Take back thy crown, O Egypt! my care now it is that, though it be heavy, it shall not chafe thee."

"Royal words are those, most noble Antony!" she made answer, "gracious and generous words, such as befit the Conqueror of the world! And touching my misdeeds in the past—if misdeeds there have been—this I say, and this alone—then I knew not Antony. For, knowing Antony, who could sin against him? What woman could lift a sword against one who must be to all women as a God—one who, seen and known, draws after him the whole allegiance of the heart, as the sun draws flowers? And what more can I say and not cross the bounds of woman's modesty? Why, only this—set that crown upon my brow, great Antony, and I will take it as a gift from thee, by the giving made doubly dear, and to thy uses will I guard it—There, now am I thy vassal Queen, and through me all old Egypt that I rule doth homage unto Antony the Triumvir, who shall be Antony the Emperor and Khem's Imperial Lord!"

And he, having set the crown upon her locks, stood gazing on her, grown passionate in the warm breath of her living beauty, till at length he caught her by both hands, and, drawing her to him, kissed her thrice, saying—

"Cleopatra, I love thee, Sweet!—I love thee as ne'er I loved before!"

She drew back from his embrace, smiling softly; and as she did so the golden circlet of the sacred snakes fell, being but loosely set upon her brow, and rolled away into the darkness beyond the ring of light.

Even in the bitter anguish of my heart I saw the omen, and knew its evil import. But these twain took no note.

"Thou lovest me?" she said most sweetly; "how know I that thou lovest me? Perchance 'tis Fulvia whom thou lovest—Fulvia, thy wedded wife?"

"Nay, 'tis not Fulvia; 'tis thee, Cleopatra, and thee alone. Many women have looked favourably upon me from my boyhood up, but to never a one have I known such desire as to thee, O thou Wonder of the World, like unto whom no woman ever was! Canst thou love me, Cleopatra, and to me be true—not for my place and power, not for that which I can give or can withhold, not for the stern music of my legions' tramp, or for the light that flows from my bright star of fortune; but for myself, for the sake of Antony, the rough captain, grown old in camps? Aye, for the sake of Antony the reveller, the frail, the unfixed of purpose, but who yet never did desert a friend, or rob a poor man, or take an enemy unawares? Say, canst thou love me, Egypt? for, if thou canst, why, I am more happy than though to-night I sat crowned in the Capitol at Rome absolute Monarch of the World!"

And ever as he spoke, she gazed on him with wonderful eyes, and in them shone a light of truth and honesty such as was strange to me.

"Thou speakest plainly," she said, "and sweet are thy words unto mine ears—sweet would they be, even were things otherwise than they are, for what woman would not love to see the world's master at her feet? But things being as they are, why, Antony, what can be so sweet as thy sweet words? The smooth harbour of his rest to the storm-tossed mariner—surely that is sweet! The dream of heaven's bliss that cheers the poor ascetic priest on his path of sacrifice—surely that is sweet! The sight of Dawn, the rosy-fingered, coming in his promise to glad the watching Earth—surely that is sweet! But, ah! not one of these, nor all dear, delightful things that are, can match the honey-sweetness of thy words to me, O Antony! For thou knewest not—never canst thou know—how drear hath been my life and empty, since thus it is ordained that in love only can woman lose her solitude! And I have never loved—never might I love—till this happy night! Aye, take me in thy arms, and let us swear a great oath of love—an oath that may not be broken while life is in us! Behold! Antony! now and for ever do I vow most strict fidelity unto thee! Now and for ever am I thine, and thine alone!"

Then Charmion took me by the hand and drew me thence.

"Hast seen enough?" she asked, when once more we were within the chamber and the lamp was lit.

"Yea," I answered; "my eyes are opened."

(To be continued.)

The Very Rev. Alfred George Edwards was enthroned as Bishop of St. Asaph, on April 25, at St. Asaph's Cathedral. A procession, composed of Dean James, the Archdeacons and Canons of the Cathedral, the Chancellor, Dr. Jeune, the Registrar and his staff, and the diocesan clergy, met the Bishop-elect at the Palace gate, over three hundred clergymen being present. The Dean presented the mandate from the Archbishop of Canterbury, which was read by Mr. Sisson, the Registrar. The Bishop, after taking the usual oaths, was led to the throne by Dean James and Canon Hugh Jones. After two special prayers, the morning service was proceeded with. The cathedral was crowded.

At a meeting of the Executive Council of the British Section of the Paris Exhibition held at the Mansion House, Sir Polydore De Keyser, the president and treasurer, who presided, said that the British and Colonial sections were certainly by far the most advanced of any. He had received a letter from Sir Frederick Leighton, the chairman of the Fine-Art Section, stating that by unremitting endeavours the committee had succeeded in gathering together an exhibition which would do credit to the country and excite interest among foreigners. The committee had laid particular stress on the representation of the younger generation of artists, many of whom had come to the front since 1878. After the transaction of considerable business, the committee adjourned until May 6, when they will reassemble in Paris for the opening of the Exhibition; but before separating they passed a cordial vote of thanks to their president (Sir P. De Keyser) for the great services he had rendered to the British section not only during but since his Mayoralty.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Beside the Weir" is the title of a song the words of which are from the practised hand of Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston, the music being by L. Caracciolo. The tender sentiment of the verses is well expressed in the music, which is effectively varied in its harmonies as well as in its melodic treatment. "Come to Me in My Dreams" is a setting, by Maude Valérie White, of words by Matthew Arnold, the suggestiveness of which has called forth some very appropriate and pleasing strains from a lady who is one of our most successful song-composers. "Venetian Song," by F. P. Tosti, is a flowing vocal melody, in barcarole style, in which some smoothly-written verses, by C. B. Stephenson, have found an appropriate musical setting. The songs above specified are published by Messrs. Chappell and Co., from whom we have also "My Lady Fair," by F. L. Moir, a song in which a simple melody is pleasing without being commonplace; and "Constancy," a setting of words by Tom Hood by Theresa Beney, who has allied a melody of a genuine cantabile kind to a well-written accompaniment.

"Old Redcoats" is a song in a robust British style, the words by that prolific caterer for composers, Mr. E. Oxenford, the music by Alfred Bishop. A singer with good declamatory powers may make much of this song. Another piece of a similar class, but in this instance of a nautical interest, is "The Coastguard," a song composed by L. Proctor, who has produced some vocal strains of a stirring and striking character. The two songs just named are published by Messrs. Duff and Stewart; as is "Whispered in the Twilight," words by Mr. E. Oxenford, music by A. Briscoe. This is a song of the sentimental order, with a smooth and flowing melody of genuinely vocal character.

"Ritter Olaf" is the title of a setting, in the form of a cantata, by C. Braun, of a romance by Heine. The music is composed for two solo voices (tenor and bass), chorus, and orchestra. There is much characteristic and effective writing in each of these respects; and the publication of the work (by Mr. E. Ashdown, of Hanover-square) in vocal score, with an arranged pianoforte accompaniment, places it within the accomplishment of amateur choral societies. The original German text is given, together with an English version by E. Breck and F. Prange.

Messrs. A. Hammond and Co. (of Vigo-street) keep up the interest and variety of their series entitled "The Academic Edition of Pianoforte Music," which is issued in convenient quarto form, well engraved, and clearly printed on good paper, and at a very moderate price. No. 12 comprises six pieces for pianoforte solo, by C. Bohm, each distinguished by a characteristic title which is well justified by the music. Each number is pleasing and well calculated to promote a pupil's progress. No. 13 consists of a collection of excellent marches by various composers, past and present; and No. 17 is appropriated to ten "Walzlieder," by Gustav Lange—a series of pieces in which there is much interest and variety.

"Little People" is a song by L. Barone, of a simple yet pleasing kind; tuneful and well calculated to interest juvenile singers and hearers. Mr. Joseph Williams is the publisher, as also of a song by J. L. Roeckel, "Silver Lilies," which may be commended for its expressive melodious character; and of "Des Ailes," a bright and florid study for the pianoforte, by B. Goddard; and Nos. 1 and 2 of four sonatinas by H. Roubier (well suited for juvenile students), are also from the same publisher.

From Messrs. Ricordi and Co., of Milan, London, and other European cities, we have a series of vocal pieces by Paolo Tosti, bearing the general title of "Melodie," but each marked with some specific character, and all written in that suave melodious style which generally distinguishes the Italian school. All will be found pleasing and expressive, and welcome alike to singers and hearers. Their specific titles are:—"Romanzetta," "Luce d'Amore," "Ici-Bas," "La Serenata," "Desiderio," "Chanson d'Automne," and "Ridonamila Calma" ("Preghiera"). Another copious contributor to the stock of drawing-room songs is Signor L. Denza, whose "Listen to what I say" is an effective adaptation of a popular Neapolitan melody ("Tirete a renza"); the song, by the same, "Do you regret?" being an expressive setting of sentimental lines. "The Two Tides" (likewise published by Messrs. Ricordi) is a very characteristic song by that successful composer Ciro Pinsuti, who has allied a telling vocal melody to a well-contrasted accompaniment.

"Who shall be King?"—words by Mr. E. Oxenford, music by J. W. Webster—is a song in somewhat heroic style, with a well-marked vocal melody. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers, as also of "Ländler," characteristic dance movement for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment by W. F. Newton; and "Trost" ("Solace"), a very pleasing melody for the pianoforte by Jaques Blumenthal.

THE RUSH AFTER NEW REMEDIES.

The roseate hues which commonly tint accounts of the marvellous actions of new remedies in the early dawn of their discovery are not unfrequently disappointing when more closely criticised. They have, too often, an unpleasant fashion of fading away when robbed of the glamour of novelty and dragged into the prosaic daylight of routine. The natural tendency of those who have been tempted with delusive hopes is to keep a discreet silence over their failures, or to attribute their lack of success to an imperfect selection of appropriate test cases, or to some mysterious difference in the composition of the remedy employed when the original statements were made. It is so hopeless, as a rule, to attempt to prove a negative that the failures of new remedies are to be gauged by silence rather than by direct statements. It is very rarely that comparative results of treatment are steadily accumulated and published to show the inefficacy of some much-vaunted system. Hence it is extremely difficult to arrive at satisfactory conclusions about many new drugs, of which the most that can be said is that they have been lauded as "the greatest discovery of modern therapeutics." It is much to be desired that those who on good grounds have arrived at definite negative conclusions should collect and publish their observations, to remove false impressions, and to save others from going through the same tedious and disappointing process. An old story represents a professor advising his pupils to be eager in their use of new remedies "while they still possess curative powers," and it is to be feared that there is but too much truth in the sarcasm. The tendency of modern therapeutics is to seek restlessly and continuously for some new thing, discarding as useless much that has stood the test of time. And for this the medical profession is not solely to blame. The craze for domestic medicine has been such that people who read their prescriptions frequently express lack of confidence in the skill of their adviser on finding that simple well-known remedies have been ordered. The science of therapeutics necessarily knows no bounds, but as a science it certainly suffers from an accumulation of hasty observations and imperfectly digested facts.—*Lancet*.

NOVELS.

The Two Chiefs of Dunboy. By James Anthony Froude (Longmans).—The most accomplished English writer of prose narrative in our days may be congratulated on exchanging, in this tale, the composition of history and biography, in a tone of romance, for that of an imaginative fiction which requires only a groundwork of historical conditions. His treatise on "The English in Ireland," a brilliant example of style and artistic treatment, and several of his minor essays on the same topic, though not less interesting to read, might rather provoke the complaint that they afford but a partial and one-sided view of the facts. The proper genius of Mr. Froude, and the display of his peculiar skill, would perhaps have attained a reputation not inferior to that which he actually enjoys, if his talents had been chiefly exercised in the line of the *Waverley* Novels. A better story of its kind than "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy" has not been produced for a long time past. There is no love-making in it, but plenty of hate-making, which is the next ingredient most acceptable to ordinary mankind. Fighting, or the threats and perils thereof, in any shape, either with the weapons of sheer homicide or those of civil litigation and intrigue, is sure to command many sympathies when it is so cleverly related. These sympathies are ennobled in dramatic exhibition by the representation of an heroic manly character, enduring labours and dangers in fidelity to a lofty principle or sense of duty. Such a hero is found in Colonel Goring, a retired English officer of the army which defeated the last Stuart rebellion at Culloden, now the inheritor of a neglected estate on the shore of Bantry Bay. He is a prototype of General Gordon with the traditions of the Puritans. It is towards the end of the reign of George II, when the French war broke out which was to result in the conquest of Canada, and in the first disasters of France both in the East and West Indies. Schemes for the landing of French troops on the south-west coast of Ireland, to be assisted by a popular insurrection, were continually renewed; while agrarian outrages, similar to those recently perpetrated, and equal atrocities prompted by animosities of race and religion, were rife in West Cork and Kerry to an extent not surpassed in later times. Ireland was then under "Home Rule," with a separate Government and a Parliament of its own, the worst that any country ever had. Mr. Froude sternly and justly condemns the iniquitous policy of England towards Ireland, during the greater part of the eighteenth century; the destruction of Irish trades and manufactures, and the deprivation of a fair market for Irish wool, by fiscal laws made for the profit of English industries; the maintenance of a Protestant Church Establishment which was an insult to the faith of the people and a mockery of the public service of Christianity; he blames the King's Government, also, for neglecting to enforce social order and to keep the King's peace in Ireland. But he evidently considers that the most grievous oppression was that immediately resulting from the vices of the Irish gentry and the abuse of their privileges as landowners, magistrates, and politicians, then managing not only the local affairs, but the legislation of an Irish Parliament, and the official conduct of the Irish Executive. This view of the state of Ireland before the Union is historically correct; but we do not agree with Mr. Froude in his opinion that the introduction of Protestant English colonies was at any time a proper remedy. The failure of a notable experiment in that way, the attempted revival of the industrial settlement formed by Sir William Petty, ancestor of the Earl of Shelburne and Marquis of Lansdowne, is the real transaction which this story goes to illustrate. Colonel Goring, from motives not of avarice but of genuine philanthropy and a religious sense of his responsibility as resident proprietor, undertakes to re-establish the copper-mines and the fisheries of the district, and to improve the practice of agriculture. For these purposes he imports a hundred or more good Cornish Methodists, besides many Presbyterian Ulstermen, with their families, and sets them in the midst of the native Catholic peasantry, who already, with the old families of Irish gentry, look on Colonel Goring himself as an intruder. His position is rendered still more difficult by his being officially charged with the protection of the revenue against the system of smuggling in which all classes of the Irish people, high and low, were greatly interested, and which seemed to them partly justified by the infamous prohibition of the export of wool. This coastguard service, again, even in time of peace between Great Britain and France, when there was little cessation of underhand hostile intrigues, marks out Colonel Goring, who is a brave and loyal soldier, as the conspicuous personal enemy of the treasonable faction relying on French help. In the port of Nantes, on the Loire, the opening scene of the story presents several active men of that faction, one of whom is Morty O'Sullivan, familiarly called "Morty Oge," a military adventurer who was with the Young Pretender's army in Scotland. This man, being also a bold and expert seaman, takes command of an armed vessel, the *Dontelle*, fitted out by Mr. Blake, the rich Irish merchant and shipowner of Nantes, for smuggling and occasionally for privateering exploits. In frequent visits to the south-west coast of Ireland, sometimes carrying to and fro the secret agents, spies, and recruiting officers of the projected rebellion, Morty Oge nourishes his fierce private hatred of Goring, who happens to be the present owner of Dunboy, the ancestral residence of the O'Sullivans for many past generations. Goring and Morty Oge are, in fact, the "Two Chiefs of Dunboy," and are predestined to deadly conflict, which Goring, for his part, not having the slightest malice in his disposition, would rather avoid. We have perhaps given sufficient indications of the subject and general character of Mr. Froude's historical romance. It is known, from other writings of his, that the author has long been accustomed often to spend his holiday leisure in that particular corner of Ireland. We believe that the topographical description of the hilly or even mountainous peninsula, some thirty miles long and from six to ten miles broad, along which runs the county boundary of Cork and Kerry, with the broad estuary of the Kenmare River on its north shore and Bantry Bay to the south, is perfectly exact. The southern shore, with the islet and harbour of Berehaven, which is very near Castleton and Dunboy, became familiar to newspaper readers during the naval manoeuvres of last autumn; Glengariff, higher up Bantry Bay, is also visited by many tourists. Mr. Froude has not only explored the hills and glens of that romantic region, and observed the habits of the peasantry, but he has somehow got a knowledge of sailing-vessels, and of the sort of seamanship they require, which vies with that of Fenimore Cooper, who was not a practical sailor. Nothing can be more spirited, at any rate, than his account of the chase of the schooner-rigged *Dontelle* by the English frigate *Aeolus*, from off Crookhaven to the north-west, across the entrance to Bantry Bay, and the escape of the privateer through the rocky channel inside of Dursey Island. As for the adventures on shore, the defeat of the French boat-party attempting to land arms and ammunition, the funeral of the old O'Sullivan chieftain Macfinnan Dhu, the duel between Morty and Goring in presence of the large assembly at Derreen, and the subsequent attempted assassination of Goring, all these incidents are

fully warranted by authentic anecdotes in the Irish history of those times. So are the scenes and individual portraits of the Dublin Administration and of society in the Irish capital, including Archbishop Stone, and Boyle, Speaker of the House of Commons, afterwards Lord Shannon, who were the actual rulers of Ireland, the Lord Lieutenant being a mere cipher. Any reader of the genuine records and memoirs of Irish history will at once recognise the substantial truth of these descriptions. It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the reckless extravagance, the gross venality and dishonesty, the merry, jovial, free-and-easy defiance of all rules of good order, of common-sense and common decency, and the indifference to the welfare of the country, in the behaviour of Irish politicians and official persons at that period. The same qualities, in the private life of the majority of the Irish nobility and gentry, and in great part of the middle and lower classes naturally affected by their influence, continued till the beginning of the nineteenth century to promote a state of social demoralisation, the unhappy effects of which are not yet wholly cured.

CAPTAIN H. C. KANE, R.N.

There is no cause, we trust and believe, for the apprehensions expressed a few years ago by theorising pessimists with regard to the British Navy, who fancied that the universal adoption of steam, and the working of ships by machinery, would lessen the superiority in seamanship by which our sailors were enabled to win so many victories in past times. The exploit of H.M.S. *Calliope*, on March 16, in forcing her way, against a tremendous hurricane, out of the Bay of Apia, in the Samoan Islands, where three German and three American ships of war, driven from their moorings, came to grief, has been deservedly applauded. We have recorded some of the tokens of esteem with which her Captain and officers have been honoured, not only in the port and city of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, but also by generous admirers in foreign nations. Captain Henry C. Kane, who has been in command of the *Calliope*, a third-class screw-cruiser of 2770 tons and of 4020 horse-power, on the Australian station since Jan. 25, 1887, will no doubt be recommended by the Admiralty for a Companionship of the Bath, and will be remembered for early promotion. He is, we understand, an Irishman, son of



CAPT. H. C. KANE, R.N., COMMANDER OF H.M.S. CALLIOPE.

that eminent man of science, Sir Robert Kane, F.R.S., President of the Queen's College, Cork, previously the founder and Director of the Industrial Museum in Dublin, to whose labours Ireland is greatly indebted for the improvement of manufacturing resources. Captain Kane was born in 1845, was educated in Dublin, and entered the Royal Navy in 1858. He passed a brilliant examination for Sub-Lieutenant, won the silver cup at the Hythe Musketry School, and served first in the Queen's Yacht, and afterwards in the Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons, as Gunnery Lieutenant; in the astronomical expedition of H.M.S. *Volage* to Kerguelen Island, and in the Egyptian Expedition, with the Naval Brigade on the Suez Canal and at Tel-el-Kebir. He attained the rank of Captain in November, 1882. For his knowledge of languages, he was selected to be Naval Attaché to the Foreign Office, during four years, until, in January, 1887, he was put in command of the *Calliope*, for the China station, but transferred afterwards to the Australian station, in the squadron under Admiral Fairfax, under whom Kane had before served in the *Volage*.

A May-Day conversazione and exhibition, in connection with the Richmond Atheneum and Selborne Society (Lower Thames Valley branch), was held at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond, on May 1 and 2. The exhibition comprised examples of the "Art of the Lower Thames Valley: its Natural History, Literature, Antiquities, and Science."

In memory of the late Dean Scott, their father, and as an Easter offering, the Misses Scott have just placed in Rochester Cathedral beautiful specimens of the metallic art in the form of a massive and highly ornamented brass rail for the altar space, and a desk of similar material for the priests engaged in the communion service.

The last of a series of meetings, in aid of the Mansion House movement for raising half a million pence weekly, or £100,000 a year, towards the London Hospitals, was held on April 27 in Holloway Hall, where a large assembly had congregated. The Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, attended in civic state, and was followed by a long procession, including two metropolitan Volunteer corps and their bands, and various friendly and temperance societies. His Lordship, who presided, was presented with an address, in reply to which he expressed his belief that before the movement was carried out to its full extent the hospitals of London would have realised such an accession to their funds as would enable them to perform all the duties within their reach. Sir A. K. Rollit, M.P., moved a resolution pledging the meeting to use every effort to further the proposal, which was carried unanimously.

MUSIC.

LYRIC THEATRE.

Pressure on space has hitherto prevented us from giving more than bare mention of the successful production of "Doris," the new comedy-opera written by Mr. B. C. Stephenson and composed by Mr. Alfred Cellier, the author and composer of "Dorothy," which was recently withdrawn after the extraordinary run in London of upwards of 900 nights, having made way for the novelty now to be noticed. The plot of "Doris" may be thus briefly summarised: the action is supposed to take place at the time of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and to end on the date of her coronation; the plot turning on the schemes resorted to by Doris for the escape of Sir Philip Carey, whose concealment from pursuit under a charge of treason has been accidentally discovered by her. Martin Bolder is one of the apprentices of Alderman Shelton, and is also the lover of his employer's daughter, Doris, whose disinterested efforts for the escape of the proscribed Sir Philip have excited the jealousy of Martin, and he denounces his supposed rival, Sir Philip. An explanation ensues, and Martin's repentance is manifested by his concurrence in the plans for Sir Philip's escape; one Anthony Dinniver (who has played the spy) being compelled to exchange clothes with him, and receiving the opprobrium intended for the other. Subsequently, Martin's repentance is exemplified by his giving himself up as the reputed traitor, after a conflict between his friendly fellow apprentices and the Yeomen of the Guard, during which Sir Philip makes his escape. The chief feature of the third and last act is the masque which takes place in Alderman Shelton's house, his daughter Doris enacting the part of Queen Elizabeth, who has just succeeded to the Throne. Explanations, pardon, and general reconciliation follow, and all ends happily.

Mr. Cellier's music may be generally described as possessing all the merits of that of "Dorothy" to, at least, an equal extent—abundance of pleasing melody, varied effects in the orchestral writing, and a power of using choral combinations, as exemplified in the finales, that even transcends that previously manifested in "Dorothy." The music for solo voices is all well written for the display thereof, and will unquestionably find wide favour in drawing-room circles. In the first act we may specify Doris's song, "Love's Race," and a pretty duettino, "How hardly Fate," for her and Sir Philip; Martin's song, "I've sought the brake and bracken;" the following bright quartetts, "Who are you?" and "True heart;" a spirited chorus, "Silently, warily;" and the very effective finale. Act II. contains one of the most successful pieces in the work, the song in praise of beer (one of the several encores of the evening); a humorous song, "What has become of the door?" for the intoxicated Dinniver; a sentimental song for Lady Anne Jerningham; another for her lover, Sir Philip; an expressive duet for these two; a short cavatina for Doris; some animated concerted music, including a striking chorus of Beefeaters, and a well-wrought finale. In the last act we notice a pleasing love-duet for Doris and Martin; a charming song, "All the Wealth," for Martin; and some characteristic music associated with the masque. The opera is preceded by an overture in which some very melodious opening passages are followed by a bright and animated Allegro.

The performance of the work is of high efficiency throughout; the principal characters are well sustained, musically and dramatically, by Misses A. Albu, A. F. Augarde, and A. Barnett, respectively as Doris, Lady Anne, and Mrs. Shelton; and Messrs. B. Davies, C. II. Coffin, J. F. Cook, and A. Williams, as Bolder, Sir Philip, Alderman Shelton, and Dinniver—subordinate parts finding adequate representatives in Misses E. Chapuy and H. Coveney, Messrs. J. Le Hay, Hemsley and P. Compton. An excellent orchestra and an unusually good chorus give full effect to the important instrumental and choral portions of the score, and the piece is put on the stage (under the superintendence of Mr. C. Harris) with costly splendour as to scenery and costumes. The three scenes—Highgate-hill, Cheapside, and the interior of the Alderman's mansion—are masterpieces, respectively painted by Mr. Hawes Craven, W. Telbin, and Ryan. That of old Cheapside, with its built-up houses, and effects of night and sunrise, would of itself repay a visit to the theatre; and we may add that the groupings and action in the scene of the masque are not unworthy of our great opera-houses. The performance is ably conducted by Mr. Ivan Caryll. Since the first night some condensation has been exercised, which makes the piece play more closely.

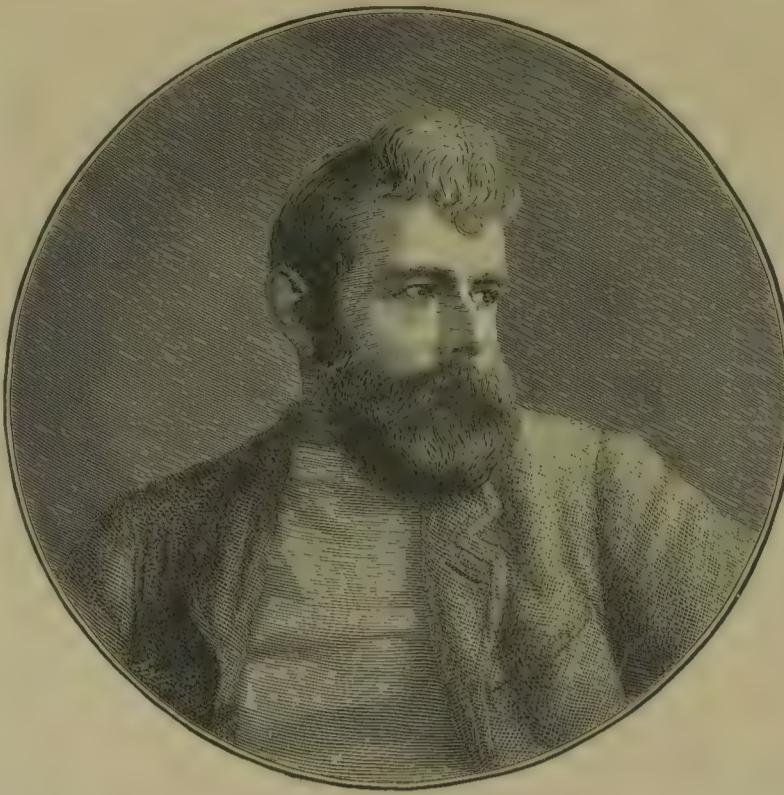
ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

We are now in possession of authentic details of the arrangements (so far as yet completed) for the approaching Covent-Garden season, which is to open on May 18. The prospectus just issued announces the co-operation of Mr. Carl Rosa with Mr. Augustus Harris in the scheme about to be inaugurated, as in the general working of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The list of engagements for the coming Covent-Garden performances includes the names of some established favourites, and those of some first appearances; and others will probably be added on the nearer approach of the season. The sopranos already announced are Mdlles. Ella Russell, M. Engel, Van Zandt, T. Schläger, Lita, Miss Macintyre; Mesdames Fürsch-Madi, Melba, Bauermeister, and Valda. Contraltos—Madame Scalchi; Mdlles. Robiolo, L. Lablache, De Vigne, L. Bell, and Petisch. Tenors—MM. J. De Reszké, B. McGuekin, Talazac, A. D'Andrade, Montariol, Massimi, Lestellier, T. Corsi, Bieletto, and Rinaldini. Baritones and basses—MM. Lassalle, F. D'Andrade, Wino-gradow, Cotogni, E. De Reszké, Abramoff, Castelmary, Novara, Miranda, Delasco, De Vaschetti, and Ciampi. The orchestra (of full proportions) will be led by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, and Signori Mancinelli and Arditi and Mr. Randegger will act as conductors. The extensive répertoire already possessed by the Covent-Garden establishment will be available during the coming series of performances—a specialty, and novelty here, being the promised production of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," as recently modified by the composer and performed at Paris. The work will be given at the Royal Italian Opera with the French text. During the season, Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" will be given, for the first time at this establishment; and other interesting quasi-novelties are promised. With the recollection of the special success obtained by Mr. Harris in his season of Italian opera at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1887, and in that directed by him at the Covent-Garden establishment last year, and with the knowledge of the elaborate preparations made by him for the performances at the Royal Italian Opera-House, there can be no doubt of a triumphant result.

Recent miscellaneous concerts have included those of Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse, Miss M. Elliott, and Mr. Nicholl. For May 4, the Bach Choir announced a performance of Dr. Parry's oratorio, "Judith," at St. James's Hall; Mr. O. Bradley, a Brahms concert at Prince's Hall, in the afternoon; and Madame Frickenhaus, a piano-forte recital in the same room, in the evening, a season of comic opera at the Royalty Theatre having been promised on the same date. Mr. Robert Goldbeck will produce the music of his American Opera-Comique "Newport" at Devonshire House, by permission of the Duke of Devonshire, on May 9.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

Mr. G. F. Watts, whose portrait we give this week, stands in the first rank of English contemporary artists; whilst his works, there is little doubt, will take their place beside those of Reynolds and Gainsborough. He was born in London in 1820, and at an early age entered the Royal Academy schools. His first exhibited work was "The Wounded Heron," of which a photograph is to be seen at Messrs. Cameron and Smith's exhibition (106, New Bond-street), which contains a very remarkable collection of reproductions of Mr. Watts's works, as well as a few original and hitherto unexhibited oil-paintings. From the outset of his career Mr. Watts showed an inclination towards portrait-painting; but from time to time he made incursions into the domain of imagination. Shakspere and Boccaccio furnished him with subjects, of which the best-remembered are "Isabella finding Lorenzo dead," exhibited in 1840, and a scene from "Cymbeline," which was shown two years later. It was at this time that the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament gave to artists that chance of State assistance which is of rare occurrence in this country, and Mr. Watts was among the fortunate competitors in 1843 with his cartoon of "Caractacus drawn in Triumph through the Streets of Rome." For this design he obtained one of the highest prizes of £300, and at the same time gave proof of the talents which lay within him. By good luck he attracted the attention of Lord Holland, who was then starting for Italy, and Mr. Watts accompanied him, spending three years in making himself acquainted with the treasures of Venice, Florence, and Rome, and in learning those lessons which constant association with the works of the old masters can alone convey. On his return he again took part in the competition opened for the decoration of the new Palace at Westminster, and on this occasion carried off another prize of £500 for his two colossal oil-pictures "Echo" and "Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Prevent the Landing of the Danes." The latter, which is the more important work, is now to be seen in one of the Lords' Committee Rooms. In the following year Mr. Watts exhibited at the Royal Academy the portrait of Lady Holland, which was lent to the exhibition of his collected works at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882; and in the same year (1848) he sent to the British Institution two imaginative works, "Paolo and Francesco" (now to be seen at Messrs. Cameron and Smith's exhibition) and "Orlando Pursuing the Fata Morgana." From this time onward Mr. Watts was constantly at work on portraits, landscapes, and works of imagination. In 1850 his "Good Samaritan," painted in honour of Mr. Thomas Wright, of Manchester, was presented by the artist to the Townhall of that city. Once more, in 1853, he was at work with frescoes for the Houses of Parliament and Lincoln's Inn Hall, designing for the former the well-known "St. George and the Dragon," according to Spenser's version of the legend. But the fullest development of his talent was yet to come; for it was between 1860 and 1875 that Mr. Watts produced that remarkable series of portraits and other works by which he will be best remembered, and of which, it is understood, he



MR. W. L. WYLLIE.

THE NEW ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

proposes to bequeath the greater portion to the nation. During that interval he painted for himself the portraits of the most noteworthy men in Art, Literature, and Politics—including John Stuart Mill, Lord Lawrence, Sir A. Panizzi, Dr. James Martineau, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Burne Jones, and many others, infusing into each face those characteristics by which they made themselves conspicuous amongst their fellow men. Mr. Watts was elected a full Academician in 1867, and on this occasion deposited as his diploma picture a powerfully conceived work, "The Death of Abel." Amongst his chief imaginative works may be mentioned his "Orpheus and Eurydice," in which some critics seemed to find too violent action and treatment of the snatched-away bride; his "Psyche," just awakened from her hopes of love, and drooping at the sight of one of the feathers from the wing of her flown lover; "Daphne"; "Sir Galahad"; and the exquisite idyll of "Love and Death" striving for the sick man. Mr. Watts has attempted sculpture with success, in his statue of Lord Holland.

MR. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, whose Portrait we engrave this week, is one of three brothers devoted to art. He was born in London in 1851, and after a short period of study under private masters, entered the Schools of the Royal Academy, where, in 1869, he carried off the Turner gold medal for landscape painting. But he soon forsook the land for the sea, and his great successes have been in scenes where sky and water play an equal part, while his pictures have each year attracted increasing notice. Among his best-known works, by means of which he has steadily won his way to the front rank among the artists of the day, may be mentioned "Northern Lights," "Trucking in Holland," "A Dutch Canal," and others, in which his sympathy with Dutch scenes and Dutch skics is displayed with considerable effect. A more important work, "Sea Birds," which was exhibited first at the Royal Academy in 1874 and afterwards at Paris in 1878, attracted much notice. The subject was a wreck on the Goodwin Sands, but all signs of the storm have passed away, and the seagulls are flying over the stranded ship, which lies helpless and deserted. The surface of the water is broken only by a light breeze, but in the distance the lowering clouds which worked the havoc are still seen, their dark shadows broken by the bright tints of a rainbow. From that time onwards Mr. Wyllie has been a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and at the Institute, choosing chiefly scenes of river or seaside life, and, above all, attracted by the hurry and bustle of the Thames and the Tyne. His "Port of London," exhibited at Burlington House in 1882, was almost the first indication of his tendency in this direction; but in the following year he created a sensation with his rendering of a somewhat similar part of the Thames, under the title of "Toil, Glitter, Grime and Wealth, on a Flowing Tide." The picture was at once purchased by the Council of the Royal Academy out of the Chantrey Bequest, and was thereby recognised as one of the best pictures of the year. In similar spirit, Mr. Wyllie painted "King Coal," "The River of Gold," and other works, in all of which the dignity of labour is recognised and realised. Now and then, like so many modern artists, he is drawn away to sadder subjects, and spreads before us the glistening mud-banks of a river at low tide, or the abiding place of sea-gulls and sea drift. But when the wind blows merrily, Mr. Wyllie is glad to be away to the North Sea or elsewhere in his yawl, with his family party, passing many weeks at a spell on board, only coming within sight of land in order to add to the number of his sketches. Although a thorough artist, he is at the same time a devoted sailor—not only a fair-weather, harbour-haunting yachtsman, but ready at all times to spread the white wings of his yacht and scud across the foam-crested waves in search of life and excitement. Last year Mr. Wyllie's picture, entitled "Neptune's Garden," failed to find a place at Burlington House—which was consequently exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery; but this little *contretemps* was no hindrance to his success, for on the strength of this work, as well as on his other achievements, Mr. Wyllie was elected an Associate last January.



MR. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A., IN HIS YAWL, LADYBIRD, CROSSING THE NORTH SEA.

FROM A DRAWING BY LIONEL SMYTHE.



FANTAISIE CAUCASIENNE.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY CLAIRIN, IN THE PARIS SALON.

G. J. V. CLAIRIN.

Georges Jules Victor Clairin was born in Paris in 1843, and, after passing through the *ateliers* of Picot and Pils, entered at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where he became the friend and associate of Henri Regnault and Théophile Blanchard. The influence which the former exercised over Clairin's art was from the first very perceptible; but it became more so as the two painters travelled about, visiting first Brittany, then Spain and Morocco, from all of which he brought back impressions which were subsequently worked into important pictures. His first remarkable work was, however, probably inspired by the Eckermann-Chatrian novel which at that time (1866) was attracting so much notice, and, like the story, was entitled an episode in the life of a "Conscript en 1813." Two years later, he exhibited at the Salon two Breton scenes—"Les Brûleuses de Varech," or seaweed burners; and "Les Pilleurs de la Baie des Trépassés," a coast scene in which the wreckers were plying their foul trade. In the former, the pathetic element and in the latter the tragic was dominant. In the same year, in conjunction with Théophile Blanchard and Regnault, he completed six decorative panels, which attracted much notice at the Universal Exposition of that year. Soon after he started on his travels, and the effect of Spanish scenery, and possibly also of Regnault's rich colouring, was seen in his "Volontaires de la Liberté," an episode of the Spanish civil war, which was

then raging in the northern provinces of that kingdom. This was followed at intervals by Moorish subjects, of which the "Massacre of the Abencerrages at Granada" was the most noteworthy, and in which Regnault's influence was still more marked. It was purchased by the State, and is now to be seen in the Museum at Rouen. Meanwhile, he had in 1873 achieved his greatest success as a portrait-painter in a picture of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, in fantastic costume and surrounded by *bric-à-brac*, and for some time he was briskly occupied with the lucrative business of portrait-painting. It must not be forgotten that in his devotion to Henri Regnault Clairin had joined the Artists' Corps of Volunteers during the Siege of Paris, and that he was by the side of his friend at the fatal fight at Buzenval, when the German breechloader abruptly ended the career of one of the most distinguished of French painters. On that day, Clairin helped to bring back into camp the body of his comrade and teacher. His next work was a commission from M. Garnier, for whom he executed four large panels of the great staircase of the Grand Opéra; he was subsequently employed on the *foyer* of the same building, contributing the two figures, "Martial Music" and "Expressive Music," at the further end of the hall. At Monte Carlo, a good deal of his work is to be seen—the ceiling of the theatre representing the dancers of all countries in their national costumes; whilst for the "salle de jeu" he painted an "Amazone" and the "Croquet-players." Notwith-

standing the preference he has shown for decorative work he managed to finish a number of easel pictures and portraits, amongst the latter those of the President Berthelin, Madame Massenet and Madame Krauss of the Opéra being the most noteworthy. Amongst his latest works were "La Veillée"—a large canvas full of people in mourning, representing an episode of the funeral of Victor Hugo—and the portrait of Madame P— which was one of the most remarkable pictures in the Salon of 1887.

The Earl of Lonsdale, who has been on a shooting expedition in Alaska, has arrived at San Francisco, on his way to London. As the result of his experience he throws discredit on all the maps of that region, and describes the Hay River Cataract as surpassing the Niagara Falls. He says the water dashes over a precipice two hundred feet high, and the river where the fall occurs is one and a half miles wide. Huge icebergs tumble into the abyss. Lord Lonsdale states that he saw whales at Point Barrow, and he is convinced that they passed from the Pacific via the North-West Passage. Many thrilling incidents of hardship and danger are related. These were so serious as to disable the majority of his company. In marching two hundred and seventy miles he saw the bodies of two hundred and thirty Indians who had been frozen to death. He reached seventy-five degrees north, and endured a frost sixty-four below zero.

NEW BOOKS.

The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson: an Historical Biography. By J. C. Jeaffreson. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—This work is the historical complement of its author's recent biography of Lady Hamilton, whose connection with Lord Nelson, so far as it had any political consequences, derived importance from her acquaintance with Maria Caroline, Queen of the Two Sicilies. We have had quite enough of the disreputable story of our great naval hero's degrading association with a profligate, ill-bred, vain, and greedy woman, to whom Nature had given one of those pretty faces that befool too many susceptible men. As the wife of Sir William Hamilton, British Minister at the Court of King Ferdinand in a time of revolutions and military vicissitudes, the low-born mercenary adventuress, from 1791 to 1800, became a serviceable instrument of communication for urgent and secret business. The Queen, a daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria and sister to Queen Marie Antoinette of France, was the actual ruler of affairs in the Neapolitan or Sicilian monarchy, then assailed and partly overthrown by the French Republican movement. It was rescued, for a time, by the aid of the British Government and the actions of Nelson's fleet in the Mediterranean. Sir William Hamilton, as the diplomatic English Resident charged with the duty of superintending these transactions, jointly with the Admiral in command of that victorious force in the ports of Naples and Palermo, allowed his wife to serve as Italian secretary and interpreter, or as confidential messenger, between the Queen and Nelson. He never, to the last, thought fit to complain of her behaviour on the ground of conjugal infidelity, being satisfied, apparently, with her attention to his ordinary comforts and her usefulness to the objects of his official care. The general effect of Mr. Jeaffreson's investigations is to prove that Lady Hamilton's part was very subordinate—indeed, comparatively insignificant—and that the Queen was really a woman of high ability, and in some respects of high character, waging her long and obstinate conflict with a host of enemies in a very remarkable manner. We are not at all unwilling to accept this view, though we consider the eventual restoration of the Bourbon Royalty a great misfortune for Italy. Its corrupt and cruel government, within our own memory, was the worst scandal of Europe; and its overthrow by Garibaldi, in 1860, was one of the happiest events in our time. Maria Caroline, however, as an Austrian Princess who could not foresee what Metternich ignored half a century later, the irresistible sincerity of Italian national sentiment, was loyal to her own position in the Bourbon kingdom. If she inflicted some vindictive severities on the Republican party, she was fighting for her husband's throne and her own; and she may possibly have fancied herself even fighting for their lives, as her sister in Paris had been put to death under the Jacobin Reign of Terror, though it is not likely, in our opinion, that the Parthenopean Republic would have imitated that atrocious example. Mr. Jeaffreson's account of the Queen's earlier measures for the improvement of the civil and social condition of her subjects is worthy of consideration; these laudable efforts, resembling those of her brothers, Joseph II. in Austria and the Grand Duke Leopold in Tuscany, showed that despotic rulers might be true reformers. A prominent figure in her administration is the able Englishman, Admiral and General Sir John Acton (of Aldenham, Shropshire, grandfather of the present Lord Acton), whose efforts contributed much to strengthen the kingdom and qualify it for active alliance with Great Britain. Intense hatred of the French, and of revolutionary principles, in her case not inexcusable, may have prompted Maria Caroline to acts for which she has been justly censured; but these are proved by her new biographer to have been grossly exaggerated in French reports, which equally calumniated her private behaviour as a woman. The narrative of her troubled and busy life, from 1793 to 1814, is but an episode of the greater European history. Englishmen ought to remember, at all events, that she enabled Nelson to win the Battle of the Nile, by her bold and prompt action in supplying the wants of his fleet at Syracuse.

Rogers and his Contemporaries. By P. W. Clayden. Two vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—A life prolonged to its ninety-third year, and terminated in December, 1855, with the survival of most of its eminent contemporaries born far back in the last century, the subject of this biography has an interest much more extensive than belongs to the individuality of Samuel Rogers himself. He was an estimable and accomplished member of society, a good man justly endeared to a large circle of friends and acquaintance, the best modern and English example of a true friend to the professional or amateur pursuit of the "belles lettres," especially verse-writing, and of the conventional taste for what in his time was deemed the finest style of Art. In these studies and performances, with regard to which he was rigidly conservative, the standard of merit and public favour has been entirely changed since he ceased to be one of its living arbiters. What would Rogers have said to the "Browning Society," or to the popular novelists of our day, or to our fashionable picture-exhibitions and theatrical representations? Present-day readers, on the other hand, can have nothing to say to "The Pleasures of Memory" or the "Italy" or any other of "Rogers' Poems," which our fathers and mothers, at any rate our grandparents, admired as the most perfect of literary compositions. It must indeed be confessed that the much greater poets with whom he cultivated a personal friendship, and who called him their superior in the qualities of form and style, though some of them possessed a genius of which he was utterly devoid, have already lost their hold on the imagination and sentiments of this generation. Scott, Byron, Moore, and Campbell, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey have not lost their fame; but they are now read more as classic authors, for an historical or critical knowledge of English literature, than for intimate companionship suitable to the feelings of our age. The writings of this most fastidious and elegant disciple of the eighteenth-century school, whose ambition was to imitate the rhymed couplets and triplets of Dryden, till he got with immense trouble into a feeble and unelastic kind of so-called blank verse, had none of the mental energy, the vividness of vision, the fire of passion, that could make his conceptions live. Rogers was neither a genius nor a profound thinker; and while his taste, within very narrow limits, was exquisitely refined and guided by unfailing good sense, he was certainly not a great scholar, compared with such men as Coleridge, Hazlitt, or Southey, but he was the most zealous dilettante among us. It is questionable, however, whether the influence of his school on the really great poets of the early part of the nineteenth century, especially on Byron, was not rather prejudicial, in binding some of them to an apprenticeship to old-fashioned methods of versification and turns of expression which they afterwards quitted, but which impaired the fresh outflow of the romantic spirit. They looked up to Rogers, for some time, as their master in the art, and courted his approval with a solicitude which was extravagantly beyond his due. The compliments with which every poetical aspirant, and every gentleman or lady who affected a critical taste for poetry, or

for painting and sculpture, united in bestowing on Rogers for twenty or thirty years, seem vastly out of proportion to his intellectual force. It is amusing to observe, at that period, the frequent custom of literary amateurs, who had leisure to dally six or seven years with the composition of one small volume, sending to each other little pieces of their work, and discussing line by line the slightest suggestions of amendment. No true and great poet, of course, could ever have done so; but in a coterie of amiable poetasters it is a congenial practice. Apart from the concerns of literature, in which Rogers must rank only as a correct and graceful writer of extreme polish, with a pure vein of sentiment, these volumes contain abundance of personal anecdote, clever and shrewd observations, and interesting private correspondence. No man could have occupied and sustained his unique social position, as a rich and hospitable single gentleman living in London, and visiting the rural mansions of the nobility, with occasional foreign tours, more consistently and agreeably, or with more sincere willingness to assist others. Though in conversation not of a confidential nature but in general company, his keen dry wit inflicted severe wounds on the vanity and presumption of many unworthy persons, he was ever kind and generous to those who needed help, often lending hundreds of pounds which he would not allow to be repaid, or taking great pains to manage an affair of business for a distressed author. His services to Crabbe, to Campbell, and even to Sheridan and to Moore were substantial; while he sought, with much tact and discretion, and consequently with success, to reconcile men who had quarrelled, Jeffrey and Moore, Dr. Parr and Sir James Mackintosh, and to bring men together who could be useful to each other. Such actions, it seems to us, are infinitely better than the most renowned literary achievements; we discern a moral beauty in the real character of this polite and fastidious old bachelor, ever alert and active to serve a host of people who thronged around him, and using his celebrated breakfast-parties and his constant reception at the best dinner-parties and drawing-rooms in town, for the benefit of all who deserved his notice. Mr. Clayden, the literary trustee of the valuable documents in the possession of his relatives, and author of the biography of his nephew, the late Mr. Samuel Sharpe, and of the "Early Life of Samuel Rogers," has compiled these two volumes with uncommon skill and judgment. His materials include many letters of interest from Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Grey, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Lord Denman, and others, some of which had not appeared before; also the letter in which Prince Albert, on behalf of the Queen, offered the Laureateship to Rogers, on the death of Wordsworth. It is a comical story, which we can hardly conceive, that both Wordsworth and Tennyson borrowed from Rogers, a much smaller man, his Court suit of dress to be presented to her Majesty on those occasions. The editor has also made large use of the published Diary and Correspondence of Moore and similar collections, making this account of "Rogers and his Contemporaries" a very complete and sufficient work.

English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages. By J. J. Jusserand: translated by Lucy Toulmin Smith (T. Fisher Unwin).—We are much obliged to the learned and genial French author, who is a member of the French Embassy in London, for this accurate and picturesque survey of some interesting features in the common life of England during the fourteenth century. M. Jusserand could hardly be expected to have made any important discoveries before unknown to English antiquaries and investigators of our social history; but he possesses the talent and the art, in which French literary men often excel most English writers, of combining and arranging a diverse multitude of small details in lively chapters of descriptive anecdote. He is probably better acquainted than English people of the educated class usually are with that period of our national literature which culminated in *Piers Plowman*, *Wyclif*, *Chaucer*, and *Gower*; and he has also examined the old statutes of the realm, the local charters, the judicial records, and other documents bearing testimony of the condition of this country in the fourteenth century. Miss Toulmin Smith, the translator and editor of his work, is known, from her other labours, to be conversant with these sources of information; and some assistance has been rendered by Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, and Mr. F. J. Furnivall, in the references and citations. The result is an excellent book, of which the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, one of our best authorities, has expressed his entire approval. Its account of the modes of travelling, the roads and bridges and provision for their repair; the parties riding on horseback, with occasional conveyance in carriages, litters, and carts; the perils from highway robbers, either forest outlaws or bands in the retinue of lawless knights and felons of social rank; the inns and taverns, the guest-houses of monasteries and hospitable great halls of castles; the great markets and fairs; the mixed roadside throng of merchants, peddlers, minstrels, jugglers and tumblers, friars, pilgrims, and itinerant preachers, sellers of quack medicines, discarded servants or disbanded soldiers, poor labourers and workmen on the tramp, and the stream of vagrants between town and country, makes up a moving panorama of ancient popular life under very entertaining aspects. The time which it covers, including the whole of Edward III.'s long reign and that of Richard II., was characterised not less strongly than the Elizabethan age by social changes and the growth of habits, fashions, manners, and ideas, with the breaking up of mediæval institutions; but while there was an increase of trade in London and a few other cities, there was great suffering among the rural population. Both the ecclesiastical and the feudal or baronial organisation had become extremely corrupt; and the enormous waste of the national resources in the French wars, at the same time, impaired the power of the Crown for domestic rule and disturbed the economic condition of the country. Similar effects, but aggravated to a horrible degree by foreign invasion and the partition of France between the English conqueror and the turbulent lords of feudal principalities, were incomparably more disastrous to that nation; but M. Jusserand shows that, in the lesser details of ordinary custom and practice, French daily life resembled English life very closely, the latter having been cast in a French mould, as we suppose, under the Plantagenet reigns. We cannot here enter further into the instructive and amusing contents of his book, which should be read along with the immortal Prologue, at least, to the Tales of the delightful Canterbury Pilgrimage; and with Professor Minto's recent historical romance, "The Mediation of Ralph Hardebot," noticed by us last year. This volume, "English Wayfaring Life," is a complete treatise on its subject, and is one of the pleasantest gatherings of antiquarian knowledge. It is adorned with sixty illustrations, most of which are figures or groups copied from pictures in old illuminated manuscripts at the British Museum. Those from the Ellesmere manuscript of Chaucer are especially droll and comical in the extraordinary drawing of the horses, with the impossible contortions of their legs; but there are other pictures, of carts going up almost perpendicular hills, or ladies carried in a horse-litter, which are equally queer; and these pages will afford many a wholesome laugh.

AN ENGLISH HEALTH-RESORT: SEAFORD. Many a time I have been asked to give an opinion of this little town, the question being put in a variety of ways: "You know Seaford? A horribly dull place, is it not?" "How can you go so often to Seaford? I should die there!" Girls also have asked, in distress, "Is it true that one can walk for miles round about Seaford and not meet a man?" "Are there enough people there to make a party for lawn tennis?"

Dear old Seaford!—so good to the sick, so comforting to the weary brain, such a paradise for children, so rich in walks for the young and vigorous, so full of memories and pictures of the past, so calm and peaceful! I grant there are no attractive shops, no brass bands for those who crave excitement; but to those wanting repose for body, mind, and spirit, there is no place like it.

For over twenty years we have been backward and forward two or three times a year, and always to the same kind people and pleasant apartments; so we ought to know something of the place, its power of attracting, invigorating, and soothing. The opinion of Charles Dickens strengthens ours. "Seaford," he wrote, "is a perfect bath of quietude—free from barrel-organs, nigger minstrels, and dancing-dogs."

It is situated on the south coast, between two ranges of chalk cliffs, midway between Brighton and Eastbourne, and well sheltered by the South Downs. It has a magnificent sea-front, and on days when the east wind prevails I have counted from my window as many as a hundred and fifty vessels of all nations and sizes waiting to make their way round Beachy Head. A mile of sea-wall forms a capital promenade, and is also a safeguard against the violence of the sea at special tides, two of which during the last half-century were disastrous in their effects. The bathing here is good and safe, and the rocks afford abundance of shellfish and the finest prawns in England.

The walks over the Downs and into the valleys are peculiarly beautiful and rich in wild flowers, while the villages round about are among the most picturesque in England. The fine old church is opened daily, and there is a chapel for Non-conformists. The three schools—viz., Mr. Bull's and Corsica Hall for gentlemen, and Miss Johnson's for gentlewomen—have a high reputation. The air here is superb, and the water excellent. Formerly the inhabitants depended upon wells, which were expensive and unreliable; but, by the help of Mr. R. Lambe, of Blatchington, water is now brought into every house. Visitors to Seaford are, as a rule, tired public servants—members of Parliament, literary men, doctors, and archaeologists; these last can find no place richer in ancient history than this little town and its surroundings.

It is greatly owing to the late Dr. Tylor Smith, of Upper Grosvenor-street, that Seaford became known as a health-resort: assured that the air was the finest he had ever known, he threw all his energies, time, and talents into the place and



A "BIT" IN SEAFORD

made it known far and wide. His desire was, I think, to raise it from its dead ashes into a fashionable watering-place; this it has not become, and it is to be hoped never will, for then the tired and the weary must seek some other haven; or, as Charles Dickens put it: "then the barrel-organs, the monkeys and the dancing-dogs will enter in and dwell there and the old disfurnished borough by the sea will know itself no more."

Seaford to day bears little or no resemblance to its early life, which was one of maritime and political activity. Once upon a time, the Ouse, a navigable river, anciently called *Sa-ford-a*, after taking a southern course from Lewes, found its way into the sea here, and its port and harbour are well described by a French chronicler in 1058. In course of time, however, and by the operation of natural causes, Seaford lost its maritime commerce, for the harbour became choked with shingle, and such outlet as the Ouse possessed stole away westward till it reached the village of *Meeching*, since known as Newhaven.

We quite laugh now at the thought of this little place ever having sent two members to Parliament, yet it did so from the time of Edward I. to 1400, and again from the reign of Edward VI. to the passing of the Reform Act. The suspension of the privilege in 1400 was probably owing to the fact that by reason of the many disasters and misfortunes which had fallen upon the town the people could no longer afford to support their representatives; for members of Parliament in those days were paid for their services, and the franchise now so sharply contended for was then regarded by many boroughs as a burden. The period at which Seaford became a Cinque Port is not definitely known, but it enjoyed that privilege as early as the reign of Henry III.; and being the only one of the subordinate ports which sent members to Parliament, it took precedence immediately after the seven greater ones, although there is an old verse which places it differently:—

Has-, Dov-, Sea-, Hy-,
Sand-, Rum-, Win-, Rye.

William the Conqueror bestowed Seaford upon his son-in-law, William De Warenne; later on it became the property of Edward IV., who granted the Manor of Seaford to Elizabeth, the Queen Consort, for life. And so from time to time it has changed its aspect and its owners, suffering much and losing much, but retaining a great deal that is beautiful and attractive. One of its beauties is the church, dedicated to a favourite Sussex Saint, St. Leonard. In its original state it must have been among the finest Norman buildings in the country. There is a curious crypt in a house near the church which should be seen by all who love unrestored old buildings.

No one should go to Seaford without seeing the old mill of Bishopstone and the South Down villages of Blatchington, West Dean, and Alfriston—they are all within an easy walk, and would well repay the trouble; and last, not least, should not leave without making the acquaintance of the South Down shepherd.

F. B.

The Wesleyan Education Committee in London have sent an important memorandum to the Committee of Council on Education, making observations and suggestions on various points in the new Education Code.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

In spite of all the changes of taste and fashion, the "old" Water-Colour Society maintains its position, and its exhibitions continue to display a *cache* of distinction which the more eager members of the other societies, notwithstanding their praiseworthy endeavours, fail to attain. This year's show is no exception to the general rule, although we notice the admission of new names into the catalogue, and of something approaching to "Impressionism" on the walls. Such works, however, disturb but little the average display of careful work in which reality rather than realism is the keynote. English scenery deserves and profits by the interpretation of painters such as Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Alfred Frith, Mr. J. W. Norton, Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, and Mr. Alfred Hunt. They all, in their various ways, hand on, and in some ways improve upon, the traditions of the past; whilst Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. William Callow, and the like invest towns and streets with true poetic feeling and interest. To the complaint which one occasionally hears that one exhibition of the "old" Society resembles another, it is only possible to reply that the sphere of each painter's excellence is naturally limited, and that the wonder is that he should be less a repetition of himself than he undoubtedly is. The public, moreover, is to be blamed more than the artist, for it likes to possess works which are recognisable rather than distinctive.

Beginning with the President's "Witch" (71) and "Charcoal Burners" (122), we are forced to admit that they fall very far short of his former work. They display the mannerism and limited palette which have of late characterised Sir John Gilbert's work, and show, moreover, a lack of imagination and grasp of idea to which we have been less accustomed. His foliage tints are apparently the same at all hours and under all conditions, whilst the dramatic element, which once played so important a part in his work, is now wholly subordinate. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Recollection of the Arabian Nights" (249) represents the Caliph Haroun Alraschid lying in his boat and borne down the Tigris—

By Bagdad's shrine of fretted gold
High-walled gardens green and old.

In spite of its bright colour, this little picture will, we think, attract more ridicule than praise. There is nothing, not even imaginative dreaminess, in the expression of the Caliph's face, whilst the accessories offend one's sense of reality to an alarming degree: as, for example, in the comparative sizes of the flower and the leaf of the sacred lotus. Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Matthew Hale, although very differently inspired, reach a far higher point of imaginative beauty than Mr. Holman Hunt. The former is represented this year by only one subject, from the "Arabian Nights," the "Fisherman and the Genii" (98); but in his English and foreign series we have abundant evidence of his delicate touch and refined observation. It is as well to contrast his "Bridgnorth" (91), climbing up the hillside mirrored in the lazy Severn, with the towering "Dome and Column of Pisa" (246), bathed in the morning mist, and to compare his treatment of the well-known but picturesque "Whitby" (246), with the equally familiar beauties of "Lucerne" (253). Both places are equally hackneyed by tourists and picture-students; but few will deny that Mr. Goodwin has thrown over both a spell of beauty all his own, yet wholly true. Mr. Matthew Hale's "Evening in Autumn" (32) is a bold and successful effort to grapple with the difficulty of a landscape whence all but reflected light has faded. There is still enough light left to throw out the brown-gold leaves of the trees, which are the motive of the picture; but the recesses of the wood, though discernible, are black and colourless. On the other hand, in his study of "Venice" (45) Mr. Hale gives the magnifying effect of the morning mist, through which the white domes of the Salute and Redentore loom in increased beauty. In true English landscape, as interpreted according to the older canons of water-colour painting, few surpass Mr. Alfred Hunt, whose "Windsor Castle" (19), as seen from the boating-raft, is an ideal rendering of the Royal residence. Mr. Hunt's aim has been to give the pile of buildings, with all their stately forms and varieties of architecture, in one harmonious mass; and he has succeeded in a way which will doubtless deter many less experienced hands from a like attempt. The soft river-side atmosphere, which adds so much beauty to the scenery on the banks of the Thames, has been seized with delicate appreciation, and serves to soften the hard lines of the more modern parts of the castle. Mr. Thorne Waite's "Beverley Minster" (9) is another instance of fine atmospheric effect, and the grey cathedral, rising up above the red-roofed houses, encircled by sunny fields, is a sight worth going many miles to see. Mr. Albert Moore's "Face in the Audience" (5) is a luxuriant combination of portraiture and decorative work, very delicate in colour and mobile in expression, but wanting, one would be tempted to say, in those everyday characteristics with which the stalls of a theatre abound. More complete, though not so refined, is Mr. Henry Henshall's "Pasha's Daughter" (20), a young girl seated against a greenish curtain, painted with marvellous dexterity and great sense of colour. Mr. George Du Maurier also sends two pleasantly conceived and skilfully-executed heads, "Vera" (75) and "Joconda" (230), of which the former, in its simple costume, is the stronger and better. Miss Edith Martineau is also well represented by two single figure subjects, "Her Dearest Doll" (69) and "Shelling Peas" (82), two ages of life, of which the interests seem almost all-absorbing. Of the figure pieces, however, Mr. Charles Robertson's "La Douleur du Pacha" (54) is the most striking and, in some respects, the most important. The story is taken from one of Victor Hugo's Oriental poems, and the artist, like the poet, exaggerates all conceivable idea of the Pasha's grief at the death of his Nubian tiger—especially if he has left such a splendid Persian cat as is curled up at his feet. The Pasha, melancholy and depressed, sits in the alcove of his audience-hall, rejecting the consolations and distractions proffered by his attendants. The whole forms a very grand scene, to which Mr. Gregory's skill in depicting Eastern interiors and their furniture gives brilliant effect, but altogether out of proportion to the cause of the Pasha's grief. Another painter of Eastern customs is Mr. Arthur Melville, who sends an impression—for it is scarcely more—of the "Fête of the Dosseh" (153), an annual festival held at Cairo, when the faithful, or, at least, some of them, lie prostrate side by side the whole length of the road to the mosque, and allow the representative of the Prophet to ride on horseback over their backs. The treatment of the background of the picture, suggesting the crowds which take part in this ceremony, is perhaps the best part about it; but otherwise the strong contrasts between the black and white costumes give a patchy and not wholly pleasant impression. The same effect is produced by Mr. Arthur Melville's other picture, "A Street Scene in Bagdad" (198), which represents that place very differently from the picture of Mr. Holman Hunt. It would be of little avail to speak in detail of the many works which attract notice and arrest one's steps whilst going round the room. It will be enough to indicate briefly those which, in our opinion, seem to sustain the reputation of English

water-colour painting, or to bring fresh ideas to its practice. Amongst such we must place Mr. Robert Allan's two views of "Dordrecht Market-place" (6 and 139), showing that the colours and costumes of the northern city are scarcely less brilliant and varied than are those of the "Fruit Market at Verona" (79), of which Mr. Samuel Hodson gives us a pleasant memento. Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Walls of Old England" (73) are the broad chalk cliffs at Sand's End, near Whitby, rendered in a very different style from Mr. J. W. North's studies of Somersetshire fields and woods, of which are such works as the "Meadow by the Brook" (13), the "Quiet Home" (105), and the "March Marigold and Apple Blossom" (210), each of which is a gem in its way, and smells of the green lanes and brook-side meadows of the Quantocks. Mrs. Allingham's "Through the Wood" (16) is stronger than usual, and, we must add, more to our taste than much of her superfine work; Mr. Thomas Watson's "Surrey Common" (18) and "In My Garden" (19) show more than usually minute but at the same time pleasant work; and Mr. Tom Lloyd is specially strong in his large picture "Mid Stream" (26), representing the ferrying of sheep across the tideway. Mr. Herbert Marshall continues to send his studies of London streets as seen through the eyes of one who feels their beauty and can express it without exaggeration. "Evening in the City" (41), "Covent-garden" (191), and "Piccadilly" (251) are good specimens of his skill in this way; whilst his "Nimeguen," (216) and "Rotterdam" (204) show what he can do with even more picturesque materials. We must add Mr. J. Powell's "Torr-Aluinn Woods" (42); Mr. Eyre Walker's "Barden Beek" (48); Mr. Henry Wallis' "Cairene Merchants" (101); Mr. Clarence Whaite's "Pass of Aberglasslyn" (109); Mr. Carl Haag's "In Damascus" (116) and "In Cairo" (130), both of them marvels of colour and perspective; Mr. David Murray's "Hay-Field" (120); Mr. George Fripp's "View from Llanelltyd" (133); Mr. William Callow's "Street in Rouen" (143) and "Campanile at Venice" (151): but even these and many others do not exhaust the supply of good works to be found on the walls of the Old Society's Gallery in Pall-mall.

MRS. SCHARLIEB, M.D.

The first lady who has ever taken the M.D. degree of the London University, in which she also holds that of Bachelor of Science, is Mrs. Mary Scharlieb. She commenced her medical studies privately, in 1871, at Madras, where she had



MRS. SCHARLIEB, M.D.,

THE FIRST WOMAN WHO HAS TAKEN THE DEGREE OF M.D.
AT THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

gone from England on her marriage in 1865. The Madras College was open to women in 1875. This lady, having obtained a qualification there, returned to England in 1878, to begin her studies for the London degree at the London School of Medicine for Women, and at the Royal Free Hospital. In November, 1882, she took the degree of M.B. at the London University, being one of the first two women on whom that degree was conferred. Mrs. Scharlieb gained the gold medal and scholarship in obstetric medicine, and honours in medicine and forensic medicine; she also, on the same occasion, took with honours the degree of Bachelor of Surgery: a degree which has only been taken by one other woman, the late Helen Prideaux, in 1884. When Mrs. Scharlieb was presented for her degree, on May 9, 1883, Lord Granville, the Chancellor of the University, made very kind reference to this example of feminine success in study. Mrs. Scharlieb was subsequently honoured by an interview with the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, before her departure for India, where she again resided at Madras, continuing to practise there, principally among those native women to whom caste prejudices preclude the possibility of male attendance. She continued professional work at Madras till the state of her own health forced her, in the spring of 1887, to leave the trying climate of India. During her medical practice in India, Mrs. Scharlieb held, among other appointments, the posts of Senior Physician to the Victoria Hospital for High-caste and Gossia Women at Madras; Lecturer on Midwifery to the female students at the Madras College, and Examiner to the University of Madras. Since her later return to England, Mrs. Scharlieb has been practising in London. She holds the appointments of Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence at the London School of Medicine for Women, and Senior Physician to Out-patients at the New Hospital for Women, in the Marylebone-road.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, replying to the toast of his health at a banquet of the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, on April 27, said he feared that it would be the last time that he should be their guest as Lord Lieutenant. He remarked upon the improved condition of the country, which, he said, could not have appeared had not the heads of the Irish Executive received from all connected with the administration of Irish affairs the most loyal and hearty support. He was convinced that among his many predecessors in office there had been none so fortunate as himself in being associated with a colleague so considerate, so loyal, and so reliable as Mr. Balfour.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The Hon. Lancelot Lowther, brother and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Lonsdale, was on April 24 married to Miss Gwendoline Sheffield, eldest daughter of the late Sir Robert Sheffield, and sister of the present Baronet, in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, a large circle of relatives and friends attending the ceremony. Viscount Dangan acted as best man to the bridegroom; and in attendance on the bride were six bridesmaids—the Misses Helen and Dorothy Sheffield, sisters of the bride; Lady Juliet Lowther, niece of the bridegroom; Miss Mary Constable; the Hon. Maud Winn, and Miss Jenny Winnington. The bride arrived at the church at two o'clock, accompanied by her mother, Lady Sheffield, who led her to the chancel, and afterwards gave her away. The bride's dress was a very handsome one. The bodice and Court train were of white Terry velvet, the petticoat of ivory Duchesse satin, being covered with antique Genoese point lace, with which the bodice was also trimmed, the lace being fastened with several diamond stars: a long trail of bridal flowers and foliage, starting from one shoulder, crossed the bodice and fell partly down the train, where a flounce of lace was arranged. She wore a long tulle veil and a Directoire wreath of orange-blossoms and myrtle, and carried a bouquet of orange-blossoms, orchids, stephanotis, lilies-of-the-valley, lilac, and roses, tied with cream satin ribbon.

The marriage of the Hon. Alexis Roche, brother to Lord Fermoy, to Miss Goschen, eldest daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was solemnised on the same day, at St. Augustine's Church, Flimwell, Sussex, before a large gathering of the friends of the two families. The bride was led to the altar by her father, who subsequently gave her away. She wore a costume of white satin and moiré stripe, over a petticoat of white duchesse satin, tulle veil surmounted by a wreath of orange-blossom, and pearl and diamond ornaments. There were eight bridesmaids—Miss Alice Goschen, Miss Beatrice Goschen, and Miss Fanny Goschen, sisters of the bride, the Hon. Ethel Roche, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Florence Goschen, Miss Ella Metzsch, Miss Ethel Goschen, and Miss Bright. Mr. J. G. Hare was the best man.

The marriage of the Right Rev. John James Pulleine, Bishop of Penrith, to Miss Louisa Worsley, third daughter of the late Rev. Pennyman Warton Worsley, Canon Residentiary of Ripon Cathedral, and Rector of Little Ponton, Grantham, was solemnised on April 23, in the parish church of Sharow, near Ripon. The church was crowded. The bride was attired in a blue cloth travelling dress, trimmed with white and gold and silver embroidery, and bonnet to match. She was attended by Master Ralph Worsley and two bridesmaids—namely, Miss Bertha Nunn and Miss A. M. Powell, who were dressed in cream serge, with cream silk sashes and hats to match, each carrying a basket of primroses, and wearing gold and pearl brooches, the gift of the Bishop of Penrith. The best man was Professor Bower, and the bride was given away by her brother, Colonel H. G. Worsley, of North Stainley Hall.

The marriage of Mr. A. Fox Pitt, son of General Pitt-Rivers, to Miss Alice Ruth Thynne, daughter of Lord Henry Thynne, was solemnised on April 25, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, before a large and fashionable congregation. The bride was given away by her father, and was followed to the altar by eight bridesmaids—Miss Thynne, Lady Beatrice Thynne, Miss Ramsden, Lady Helen Blackwood, Miss Isabel Scott, Miss Kate Scott, Miss Honor Grove, and Miss Ursula Lubbock. They wore dresses of ivory white broché foulard, trimmed with white lace and dark green velvet revers, and white hats, trimmed with green velvet. The bridegroom's present to them was a gold bangle, with a trefoil of moonstones. The bridal costume was of white satin duchesse, draped with mousseline-de-soie; tulle veil, fastened to the hair by a diamond star (the gift of the Marquis of Bath). Mr. William Fox Pitt attended his brother in the capacity of best man.

St. George's, Hanover-square, was filled with an aristocratic congregation on the same day to witness the marriage of Mr. Arthur Wilson Fox to Miss Raikes, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. H. C. Raikes. Among the invited guests were the Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury, the Persian Minister and Princess Malcolm Khan, the Countess of Malmesbury, the Earl and Countess of Belmore, and Lord and Lady Knutsford. The bride was given away by her father. She wore a costume of white brocade satin, trimmed with point-de-gauze lace and Brussels lace. The Hon. Charles Slater-Booth was the best man. There were eight bridesmaids—the Misses Raikes (three), sisters of the bride; Miss Adelina Wilson Fox, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Hilda Fox, Miss Pennant, the Hon. Diana Slater-Booth, and Lady Theresa Corry. They were attired in Directoire costumes of white serge, with revers and underskirt of primrose moiré, three-corner white hats, trimmed with primrose moiré and white wings. Each carried a large bouquet of primroses, and wore a diamond fox-head brooch with the initials "A.A." in pearls.

The marriage of Mr. Somerville Orde, J.P. for Suffolk, and Miss Margaret Susan Stracey, fourth daughter of the Rev. James Stracey, M.A., was solemnised at St. Andrew's, Wells-street, Oxford-street, on the same day. There was a large attendance. The bride was given away by her father, the Rev. J. Stracey. She was attired in a white duchesse satin dress and handsome scarf of soie-de-Chine and pearl ornaments, and corsage to match, with Médici pearl collar and fichu of soie-de-Chine and sprays of myrtle orange-flowers. She wore a tulle veil, and carried a splendid bouquet. There were eleven bridesmaids.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the same day, the quiet wedding took place of Mr. S. H. Franklin Hole, only son of the Dean of Rochester, and Miss Geraldine Markham, elder daughter of the late Mr. Charles Markham and Mrs. Markham, of Tapton House, Chesterfield, and granddaughter of the late Sir Joseph Paxton.

Some of the arrangements in connection with Prince Albert Victor's visit to Belfast are officially announced. On May 21 he will arrive, and will open the new Alexandra Graving Dock.

The authorities of the University College of North Wales at Bangor, having memorialised the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education in favour of allowing the use of the Welsh language in examinations in agriculture, have received a reply expressing regret that the prayer of the memorial cannot be complied with.

The National Union of Elementary Teachers' Conference was brought to a close at Birmingham on April 25. It was decided to petition the Lords of the Admiralty to better the condition of schoolmasters in the Navy, whose position is said to be much lower than that of their brethren in the Army and Royal Marines. It was resolved to drop the word "Elementary" in the title of the union, and to protest against the further employment of any but thoroughly trained and qualified teachers in public schools; and a resolution was adopted in favour of taking steps towards incorporation. The Mayress received the purses contributed to the union charities, and awarded the shields to the Liverpool Association as the largest contributors.



RECUEILLEMENT : SOUVENIR DE VENISE.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY G. COURTOIS, IN THE PARIS SALON.

GUSTAVE COURTOIS.

Gustave Courtois bears a name which has been associated with French art since the sixteenth century, but whether he claims descent from or kinship with any of his namesakes who have left such pleasant traces of their passage we are unable to say. From his personal appearance he might be descended in straight line from the Duchess of Burgundy; but all that we can vouch for is that he was born in 1852, at the village of Pusey, in the Department of the Haute-Saône. Early in life he came to Paris, and entered, in 1869, the atelier of Gérôme, in company with his friend Dagnan-Bonheur, of whom he has since been the inseparable companion, sharing the same studio, joining in the same competitions, earning similar rewards. Together they competed in three successive years for the Prix de Rome, which both obtained in 1878; whilst both had, two years previously, obtained space on the walls of the Salon. Courtois had chosen for the subject of his pictures (for he sent two, both of which were accepted) the "Death of Archimedes" and "Orpheus." In the following year his "Narcisse" attracted so much attention that it was purchased by the Government, and is now to be seen in the Luxembourg Gallery. In the following year, his portrait of Madame De Rochefort, and his "Lais aux Enfers," obtained for him a medal of the third class; and from this time his success, both as a portraitist and a subject-painter, was assured. His most

important picture, exhibited in 1880, which obtained a medal of the second class, was inspired by the vision of Dante and Virgil, and the story of Ugolino and his children:—

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head
Which he betimes had mangled....

"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on't."

But Courtois did not altogether abandon himself to the horrors in which Fuseli delighted, and we find him soon exercising his skill on lighter subjects. In 1882 his graceful "Bayadère" discovered to the world another side of the artist's talent; and this he followed up by a "Lady in Japanese Costume," a perfect marvel of colour and delicate work. Then again, by a strange revulsion, Courtois suddenly turned from mundane to religious subjects, and in 1887 he obtained the highest honours by a striking and touching religious picture founded on the text, "A sword shall pierce thy soul also." In his present year's work, of which we give a reproduction, something of a similar feeling is visible; but again M. Courtois has, in point of colour, at least, made a fresh departure. In this work the rich tones of the Venetian school have been closely studied, and are heightened by the bold arrangement of the light falling from the candles upon the worshippers.

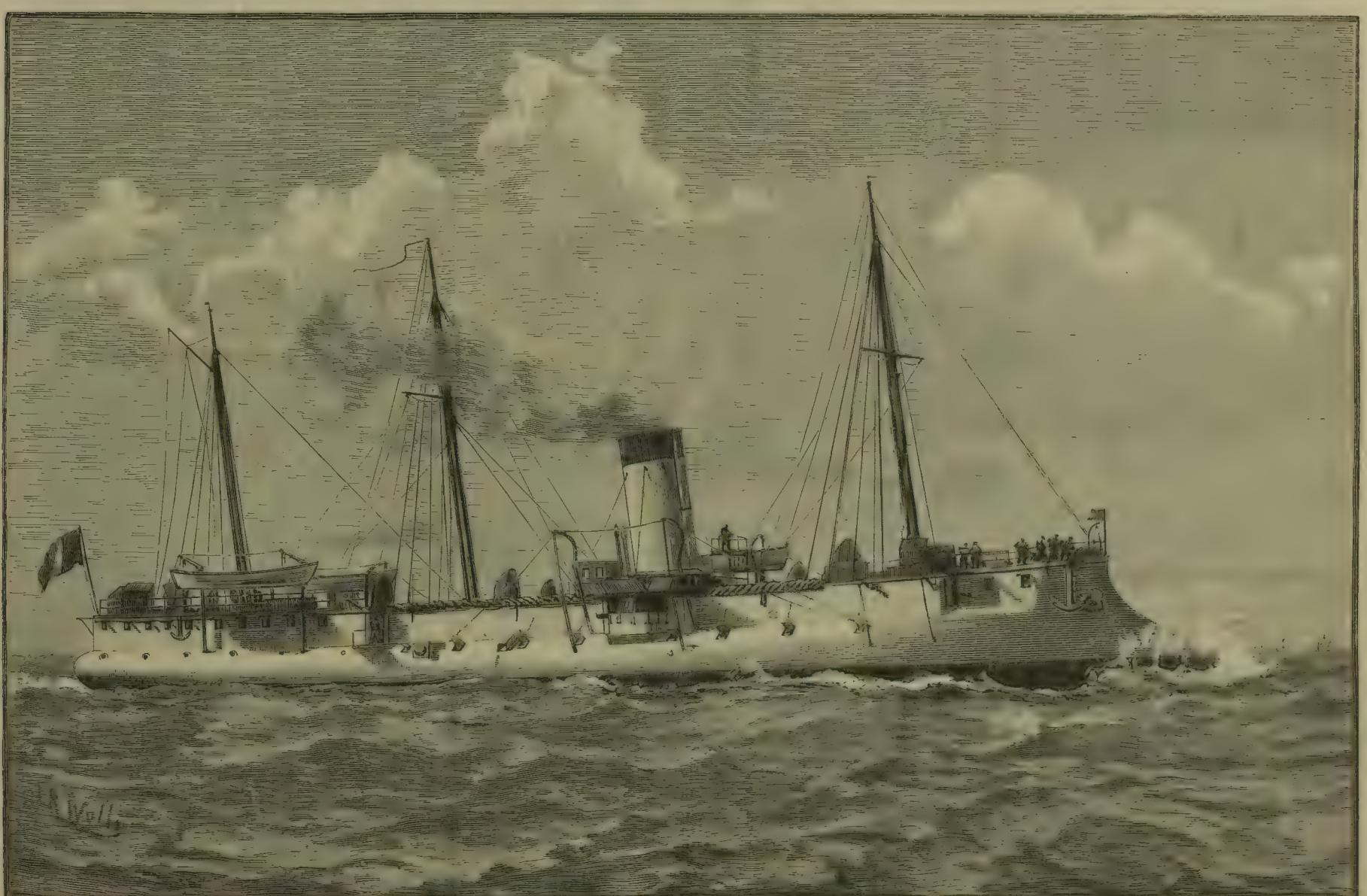
TYPES OF THE FRENCH NAVY:
THE CONDOR.

The French Government has lately constructed several "croiseurs-torpilleurs," or torpedo-cruisers, of this class, to act both as look-out ships and as torpedo-boat catchers. The Condor, which was built in England at a cost of £80,000, and was launched in 1885, is constructed of steel; her dimensions are 216 ft. 6 in. length, 29 ft. 3 in. breadth of beam, with a displacement of 1280 tons, and 15 ft. 5 in. draught; she has twin screw-propellers, with engines of 3800 indicated horse-power, and attains the speed of 17.70 knots an hour. Her armament consists of five breech-loading rifled guns with calibre of ten centimètres, six machine-guns, and five fixed tubes or light carriages for discharging Whitehead torpedoes. The sister vessels built in France, the Faucon and others, are of the same dimensions; the Faucon, designed by M. De Bussy and built at Toulon, has her hull divided into ten watertight compartments and protected by an armoured deck from end to end. This vessel is not dependent on her canvas, but has three signalling-masts carrying Hotchkiss machine-guns, and fitted with steadyng sails.

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, has received the honorary degree of LL.D. at Glasgow University.



ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BOULANGER AT CHARING-CROSS STATION.



TYPES OF THE FRENCH NAVY: THE CONDOR, TORPEDO-CRUISER.



ARAB SLAVE-TRADERS THROWING SLAVES OVERBOARD TO AVOID CAPTURE.

FROM A SKETCH BY J. BELL.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There is nothing in England exactly like the Sorosis Club in New York. As its name implies, it is a club of women—"sisters." But it has no clubhouse, so that we in England should scarcely recognise it as a club at all. It has, indeed, more resemblance to a Freemasons' lodge in England, the members meeting periodically, having club dinners, receptions, and committee meetings in rooms reserved for the purpose in a great restaurant. Sorosis has standing committees on all sorts of subjects; "house and home," "business women," "literature," "the drama," and "education" are amongst the matters to which it gives constant attention in the interests of women. It initiated an annual "congress for the advancement of women," and it has given formal receptions to numerous famous ladies, whether American or foreign, on their visits to New York. English women have no such centre of union amongst them as "Sorosis" is to the cultured and thoughtful Americans, nor have we any association whatever in connection with women's work and progress which has been in existence so long. "Sorosis" has just celebrated its twenty-first birthday with a series of festivities—a banquet at Delmonico's, congresses in the Madison-square Theatre, a reception by the retiring president and another by the new president and members, visits to the studios of the principal artists, and official invitations to various museums and other places of interest in New York, made up a week of happy reunion for the "sisters," who gathered from all parts of the country. The new president, by the way, is known to many people here; she is that graceful actress and poetess, Ella Dietz (Mrs. Clymer), who some twelve years ago was resident for a considerable time in England. She was one of the founders of "Sorosis." Most of the active originators of the club, however, were women-journalists. The Press Club of New York gave a dinner to Charles Dickens on his visit to that city in 1868. A woman-journalist working on the best newspapers, Mrs. Croly, known as "Jennie June," and another, the sister of N. P. Willis, who signed herself "Fanny Fern," applied to purchase tickets, as members of the journalistic profession, but were refused admission on the ground of their sex. Out of their annoyance at this slight was evolved "Sorosis," of which nearly all the prominent American women-workers in literature, science and art have since been members or guests.

For these interesting facts I am indebted to Mrs. Anderson, of Owensborough, Kentucky. In this connection, perhaps, I may in a general sort of fashion thank the very numerous kind correspondents whom this column gives me. It is obviously impossible, as a rule, for me to acknowledge their favours either here or privately; but frequently I can use the information which they give me, or ponder with advantage on the ideas they suggest to me; and in any case it is pleasant to be so in touch with a wide circle of friendly readers. It is no small thing to know that at the four corners of the earth there are minds to respond to one's words, eyes that turn with interest to one's message. Quite lately, I have had letters from readers of this Journal in Africa and in Australia; while as to the United States, I have so many correspondents thence that it seems as if in our far-off sister-land there are as many readers as at home. Pleasant, indeed, it is to hear from them, and I hope they will accept this comprehensive acknowledgment of their valued favours.

A few, perchance, one would rather dispense with: the clergyman, for instance, who regularly cuts out from news-

papers or magazines every article on the woman question that Mrs. Lynn Linton pens, and sends it to me with his compliments, and with the passages side-lined in which that lady expresses ideas that I have the honour to totally differ from; or the purist who reads one of my best passages—a passage considered so carefully, written over once and again, and yet again, for euphony's sake, and based on such a tender thought—a passage I loved—who reads that and sits down to inquire of me if I am "bewitched," as he finds the word "which" five times in seven lines (each, mind you, with its own section of the idea hanging to it, so that he might as well complain of five pegs in his wardrobe); or the amateur actress who invites me to witness her performance in a schoolroom ten miles out of town; or the poor gentlewoman who has kept house for her relatives till she is middle-aged, and now finds herself thrown almost penniless on the world, ignorant of any remunerative business, and asks me if I can find her work to do at once; or the man who requests me to tell him where he can buy stays for himself, or the other who wants to know if doctors mesmerise ladies when feeling their pulses, and the rest of the "cranks" who either try to "draw" me or are unaware that they should seek a retreat where their use of pen and ink would be supervised. One of the most interesting and touching and sensible of my letters from unknown readers, indeed, was dated from a lunatic asylum, the suggestion which it made being that such institutions for women should be officered by female doctors. Such a "lunatic's" letter it is a pleasure to read; not so with the epistles of some who wander at large.

Etiquette is a subject which usually arouses jests and gibes, yet there is nothing on which everybody is more anxious to be thoroughly informed than how to behave in society. There are a multitude of little observances included in etiquette, some of which are merely passing whims of fashion, while others are based on more solid and permanent grounds, but as to all of which it is at the moment necessary to observe them, if one would seem habituated to good society. In one of Mrs. Gaskell's delightful books, she tells of how she saw the true politeness of a great lady in following the example of two poor old maiden guests who got up and shook the crumbs from their laps into the fireplace after taking cake with their cup of tea. The old ladies did not know that the fashion of the day forbade such a performance, which was correct etiquette in their youth; a good heart could not save them from the blunder, but a good heart taught their fine hostess what true politeness then required her to do. The essence of politeness—what one ought to do in the plain, sturdy English phrase—is a thing not to be learned, but one to come by nature; but what is *comme il faut*, the mincing and appropriate French term for current etiquette, must be learned either by contact with society or by deliberate study. The large sale that there is for books on etiquette shows how many people, going out but seldom and living in the borderland of middle-class quiet, make a formal lesson of what becomes second nature to those "in the movement." One such work has reached its thirty-seventh thousand. But year by year we become more easy in our manners, and less devoted to acting on a pattern from which no one may depart, and the modern style of etiquette manual differs essentially from the old-fashioned one. A bright, readable, and accurate series of articles on social functions and society customs that has appeared in the *Lady's Pictorial*, under the heading "Good Form," has just been reprinted in a little volume with the same title, and published by Messrs. F. V. White and Co. The

humour and the descriptive style of the writer, Mrs. Armstrong, is quite distinct from the set and solemn injunctions and prescriptions of the old-fashioned etiquette writer. It gives one a refreshing belief in the greater ease of society to read this, the newest of etiquette books, and compare it with its predecessors.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Marchioness of Salisbury distributed the prizes to the successful students of the East Herts School of Art at Hertford, on April 25.

The thirty-eighth report of the Church Estates Commissioners for the year ending March last, which is signed by Earl Stanhope, Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, and Sir J. R. Mowbray, has been issued. It states that the transactions approved by the Commissioners since they were appointed in 1851 have been 3218 in number. During the past year no proposals for sale or purchase have been submitted to them for approval.

A treasure has been found in the North Town Moss, Island of Burry, Orkney, by George Petrie in cutting peats for fuel. Sheriff Armour, accompanied by Mr. James Cursiter, secured the treasure, which consists of silver coins, armlets, and necklets. The coins are of the eleventh century, and belong to the following reigns:—Eadgar, Ethelred II., and Eadward. There are twenty-five armlets or bangles, two neck-rings of silver wire, and other articles, all of which are in a beautiful state of preservation, and all of solid silver. The largest armlet or bangle weighs over two ounces, while the smallest is about half an ounce. Sheriff Armour took possession of the treasure on account of the Queen's and the Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer. A similar treasure was found in Skail, Sandwick, Orkney, in 1858.

The Lord Mayor has received the following telegram in relation to the famine in China from the Shanghai Relief Committee:—"The committee acknowledge thankfully the receipt of your remittance of £4000. The total receipts now are about 275,000 taels. Latest reports from Shantung are very distressing, but the distributing organisation is excellent, and preventing many thousand deaths from starvation, famine, and fever. The committee are sending the largest sums to Shantung, where the distributing organisation is the strongest. The Chefoo committee have 170,000 people receiving relief, and the list is increasing." Among recent sums received at the Mansion House are—from the Edinburgh committee (additional), £587; from Belfast (third instalment), £150. The Mansion House fund has closed; but donations can be sent through the China Inland Mission.

The Vicar of Leeds, the Rev. Edward Stuart Talbot, who has lately resigned the wardenship of Keble College, was presented with a testimonial by the members of the college on April 25. The testimonial comprised a personal present to Dr. and Mrs. Talbot, consisting of two silver three-branched candlesticks, of George I.'s time, and a sum of £800, which is to be devoted to founding an Edward Talbot prize in the college for the encouragement of study amongst graduates. About 180 former members of the college were present. The presentation was made by the sub-warden, the Rev. W. Lock, who spoke of the difficulties which Dr. Talbot had to surmount in starting a new college, and showed how the success of the college had been mainly due to the qualities of its first warden. He dwelt especially on his wide-hearted sympathy, his intellectual honesty, and patience in dealing with individuals. He alluded also to the affection and gratitude which was felt for Mrs. Talbot, who had always been ready with hospitality and with constant brightness to help the undergraduate.

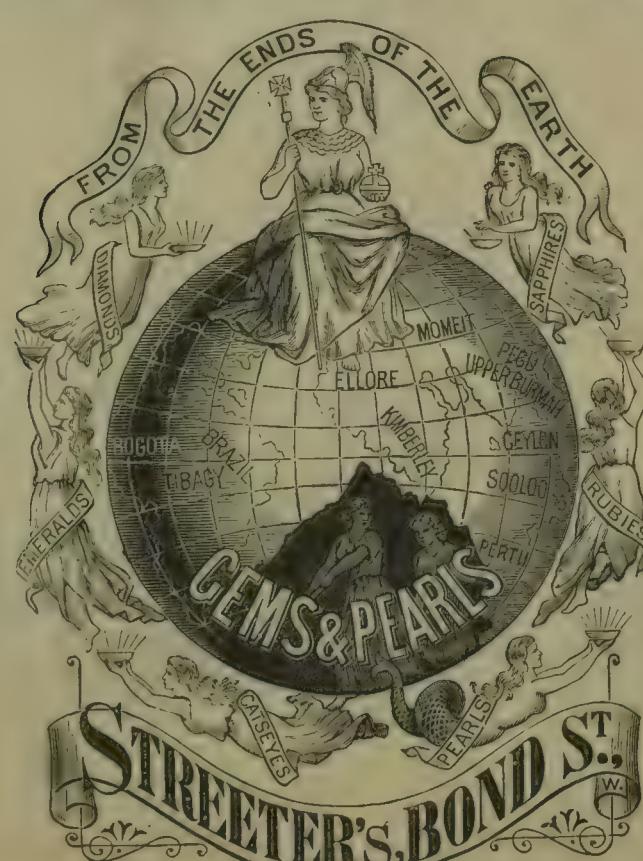
ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

STREETER & COMPY.

IMPORTERS OF PRECIOUS STONES, PEARLS, AND GEMS.

STREETER & CO.,

GOLDSMITHS,



STREETERS' DIAMOND ORNAMENTS,

From 5 Guineas to 10,000 Guineas,

Cannot be surpassed for elegance of design and perfect setting. They are London made, and the Brilliants are white and properly cut.

STREETERS'

RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES,

From 5 Guineas to 10,000 Guineas,

Direct from the Mines, thus enabling the Public to buy these Stones at First Hand after being London cut.

PEARLS from their own Pearling Fleet

18, NEW BOND - STREET, LONDON, W.

JAY'S FASHIONS.

Extract from "THE QUEEN."

"Every department is replete with new fashions, from gloves and hosiery to the most costly silks and brocades. In silks there are several specialities, one being the *soie Royale*, the material *par excellence* of the season, for rich mourning costumes and mantles. *Régence* is another silken novelty. *Soie éclat* comes next, as a rich-looking silk at moderate price, followed by *cashmere Royale*, both specialities of Mr. Jay's. The latter is a *grenadine silk*, with a wool introduced to give it a cashmere touch; it looks like extremely rich cashmere, and has a silken back. It is particularly effective with crape. Some of the brocades prepared for Court trains are magnificent. In thinner fabrics, there are silk warp *armures*, with broché designs suitable for evening or *réveille* dresses. The broché, or figured nun's veilings, and the thicker nun's cloth, the light camel's hair, and a fine French twill serge, are all to be fashionable. In the mantle department there are many beautiful examples of what taste and talent can achieve in materials and fashions. Long and short mantles seem to be equally popular; and dull and bright jet, rich tape *guipure*, and French lace ornament everything. There is considerable novelty in tea-gowns, one of silk and brocade having the front composed of two long pieces, which form the full bodice, tie over at the waist, and fall in long scarf-ends, edged with frills of muslin. In dinner gowns there is a most effective model, which is neither quite *Directoire* nor *Régence*, but represents both styles. There are some most becoming hats and bonnets, notably in the *toque*, *Médicis*, and *Empire* styles. One in the first named was with black tulle and narrow ribbon run in round and round, strings of three lengths of the same ribbon, and a spray of lilac supporting a bow of black tulle. The hats are particularly becoming."



NEW COSTUME.

Composed of Black Silk and Soutaché Embroidery

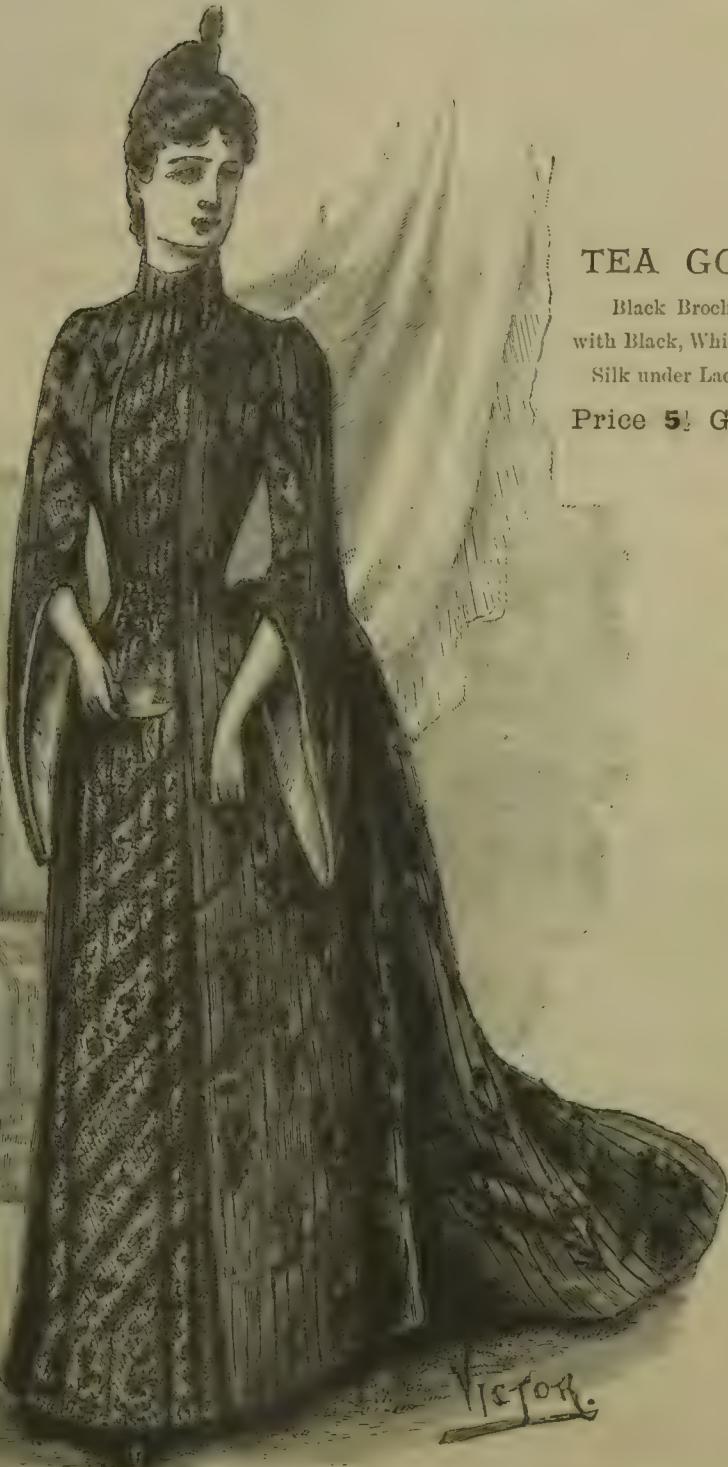
Price 6½ Guineas.

With Material for Bodice.

Extract from "THE LADY."

"Some of the new models from Paris have a distinctive and quite novel *genre*. Messrs. Jay, of Regent-street, are showing dresses that merit a special description. One is of the tea-gown style—a style that is to find great favour this year. This is of black nun's veiling, and has a front of grey-white veiling in *accordeon* pleats reaching from throat to feet. The jet trimming is brought down the front, falling away at the side in a very graceful fashion. A small pad just keeps the perfectly-cut back from falling in at the feet, but no more. The set of this garment is perfect, and the general appearance very simple; but, like all becoming simplicity, the result of the highest art. An evening dress, which is more striking—more *seyant*—is of black and white strangely and very prettily blended. Half the corsage—from the right shoulder to the left side—is white; the other half black. The crossway tulle draperies correspond, the black being powdered and fringed with jet, and the white with crystal. On the white shoulder stands a high black butterfly bow, on the black shoulder a white one. The back of the skirt, which touches the ground *en demi-traine*, is composed of folds of *voile de nonne*, over which is thrown a veil of white spotted net. The front is of white silk, trimmed with long bands of black and white ribbon placed diagonally, and reaching from waist to feet, the white fringed with flat crystal drops, the black with jet. Reproduced in black and grey, or in grey and white—as Messrs. Jay are contemplating—this toilette would be an ideal one."

JAY'S
REGENT-STREET, LONDON.



TEA GOWN.

Black Broché Silk,
with Black, White, or Grey
Silk under Lace Front.

Price 5½ Guineas.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The oratory of the Easter Recess can hardly be said to have increased the "harmony of the spheres." Indeed, the speeches of Lord Salisbury at Bristol, and of Mr. John Morley at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Chamberlain deliverances at Birmingham, and the lively address of Sir William Harcourt at Southampton, tended, if anything, to widen the gulf that separates Ministerialists from the Gladstonian Home Rulers. Similarly, the epistolary skirmish between Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain may be regarded as the beginning of the end of their curious alliance.

There were two noticeable absentees when the Commons reassembled on Monday, the Twenty-ninth of April. Mr. Gladstone being detained at Hawarden Castle by the illness of his eldest son, the leadership of the Opposition was shared by Mr. John Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, and Mr. Henry Fowler. To the absence of Mr. W. H. Smith (due to the death of his sister, at Bournemouth), whose moderating influence has often lessened the acerbity of debate, may be attributed the warmth of the discussion on the share Mr. Anderson had taken in the marshalling of evidence for the Parnell Commission.

General Boulanger happened to drop into the distinguished visitors' gallery in time to hear a part of this animated conversation. The distinguished French exile (whose guide was Mr. J. J. O'Kelly) was fifty-two that very day, but looked much younger as he quietly scanned the speakers. The smile which pleasantly lights up his fair-bearded face occasionally was absent. Broad-browed and thoughtful, General Boulanger seemed more like a German than a Frenchman. If his thoughts could have been read, hon. members might possibly have learnt that General Boulanger, from his cursory experience, entertained no higher opinion of the House of Commons than he does of the present Corps Législatif.

The Anderson incident, with which General Boulanger appeared to be so little entertained, occurred in Committee of Supply. Mr. Labouchere, with the imperturbable coolness that is characteristic of the senior member for Northampton, had moved, but moved in vain, that the salaries of the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be reduced from £5000 to £2000, the latter amount being more than foreign Ministers received. Mr. Goschen, in endeavouring to reply too fully to Mr. E.

Robertson's searching inquiry as to the Civil List, had been called to order by Mr. Leonard Courtney. And it was whilst the Home Secretary's salary was being cavilled at that Mr. Anderson's letter to the *Times* on Major Le Caron's evidence was condemned by Mr. Labouchere and Mr. John Morley, by Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. Henry Fowler, but was defended by Mr. Matthews, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Goschen. The motion for the reduction of the Home Secretary's salary was, in the end, negatived by a majority of 49; and General Boulanger appeared during the division to be by no means disinclined to leave his seat, in obedience to the hospitable invitation of Mr. O'Kelly. They dined together.

Lord Halsbury, with accustomed cheerfulness, took his seat on the woolsack on the last day of April. The brief sitting was notable for the gallant introduction by the Earl of Meath of a measure to entitle women to become County Councillors—the passing of which would at once remove the alleged disability of Lady Sandhurst to sit in the London Council. With exemplary dispatch, their Lordships advanced various other Bills a stage, all the business being transacted in less than half-an-hour.

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, Lord Brabourne's son, was warmly cheered when he approached the table on the Thirtieth of April to take the oath as member for Rochester in succession to Colonel Hughes-Hallett. He should be an acquisition.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach makes an excellent deputy Leader of the House in the absence of conciliatory Mr. W. H. Smith. Sir Michael has the gift of concise speech, and is sufficiently urbane. These qualifications, however, did not, as it chanced, prevent a prolonged debate on the motion he made that the House should meet at two o'clock on Tuesdays and Fridays. But the Government eventually had their way in this matter. Mr. Samuel Smith then rose as a social reformer, and was, for a wonder, successful in the motion he made. This was a declaration against the establishment of liquor shops and distilleries in India. The resolution was seconded by Mr. Caine, and was opposed by Sir John Gorst, but was carried, nevertheless, by a majority of ten.

There are many persons who cannot give money, but who would willingly spare fruit, flowers, evergreens, shrubs, &c., from their gardens; and it would greatly benefit the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children if there were a plentiful

supply of such things for sale or decoration at the Al Fresco Fayre and Floral Fête, which is to be held in the South Kensington Conservatory and Royal Albert Hall at the end of May, for the benefit of the hospital. Promises of assistance in this way, sent to Mr. F. C. Howard, the honorary secretary (who will give full particulars), will be accepted quite as thankfully as money contributions.

The Greenwich Ferry, connecting Greenwich with the Isle of Dogs, was opened to the public on May 2 by the Duke of Westminster, Lord Lieutenant of London.

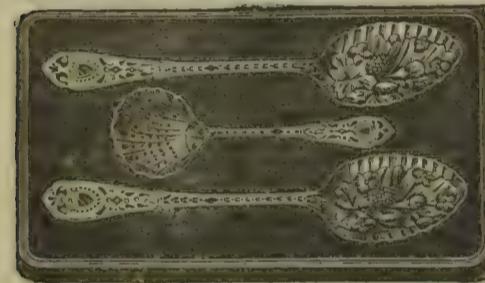
The Bishop of London presided over the annual meeting of the National Temperance League, held on April 29 in Exeter Hall, and delivered an address on the advance of the temperance movement from year to year. The other speakers included Miss Weston, the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, and the Rev. Father O'Callaghan.

The sixty-second anniversary festival of the Printers' Pension Corporation was held on April 30 at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. A large company sat down to dinner. There are 190 pensioners on the fund, and last year £2500 was disbursed in pensions. In the Almshouses there are twenty-four inmates. The secretary announced a list of subscriptions amounting to £5772, including the chairman's list of £731.

It is stated that there is a movement on foot by which pictures which are necessarily rejected by the Royal Academy for want of space will be received for an exhibition at Olympia, Kensington, during the months of June, July, and August. There will be no hanging committee, and any picture sent to the Royal Academy during the years 1887-8-9, but not hung, will be admitted, a small fee being charged for each one. Prizes ranging from £50 to £5 will be awarded.

A Health Exhibition was opened at Hastings on April 29. The buildings are erected in the Central Cricket-ground, and are illuminated by the electric light in the evening. The opening ceremony commenced by a luncheon in the Brassey Building, and afterwards the company walked in procession to the exhibition, which was declared open by the Mayor (Mr. W. Stubbs), who was supported by Dr. D. W. Richardson, Sir Edwin Chadwick, and many of the principal inhabitants. There were 196 exhibitors, local talent being very strongly represented.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S SILVER PLATE.



Fruit Spoons in Case, richly Chased, and part Gilt. Solid Silver, 2 Spoons and Sifter, £4; 2 Spoons, £3. Best Electro, 2 Spoons and Sifter, £1 1s. 6d.; 2 Spoons, £1 1s.



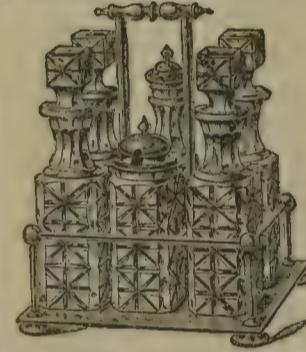
Electro-Silver and Cut-Glass Butter-Dish, with XVII. Century Pattern Knife, 10s. 6d.



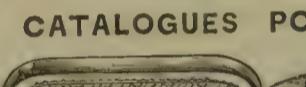
Registered "Princess" Tea-Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons and Sugar Tongs. Complete in Case, Sterling Silver, £11 11s. Best Electro-Silver, £5 5s.

OXFORD-ST., W., 158; & POULTRY, E.C., 18, LONDON.

Manufactory—Royal Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.



Electro-Silver Dinner-Cruet. Cut-Glass Bottles, £3 10s. Plain Cut Bottles, £3.



CATALOGUES POST-FREE.



Electro-Silver on Hard Nicker Breakfast-Dish. Converts into three Dishes by simply removing the Handle, £3 15s.



Combined Egg-Stand and Toast-Rack. Best Electro, £1 1s.

Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn-circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most reasonable prices.

REDFERN, LADIES' TAILOR

To H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

GOWNS FOR THE MANTLES
COATS SPRING WRAPS
ULSTERS SEASON HATS



Messrs. REDFERN have prepared their models for the Spring Season in Gowns, Coats, and Wraps, which is now unusual novelty in both material and design, the combination of colouring being particularly pretty and effective.

The above, with an especially early delivery of new cloths and materials, are now being shown in their large Salons, Conduit-street and New Bond-street.

26 & 27, CONDUIT-STREET, LONDON, W.
27, NEW BOND-STREET, COWES, PARIS, NEW YORK, and 57, CROSS-STREET, MANCHESTER.
Patterns of Newest Materials and Latest Sketches post-free.

PERRY PENS & PERFECTION INK.

U 2s per gross. FINE. PERRY & CO. LTD.

M 2s per gross. MEDIUM. PERRY & CO. LTD.

B 2s per gross. BROAD. PERRY & CO. LTD.

These strong useful Pens are meeting with great favour by the public. Sold by all Stationers.

WHOLESALE—PERRY & CO., Limited, Holborn-Viaduct, London.

Rowland's Toilet Articles

Known for 100 years as the best and purest, being free from any deleterious ingredients.

MACASSAR OIL

preserves and strengthens the hair of children and adults; also sold in a Golden Colour for fair hair.

Bottles 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d.

KALYDOR a soothing and emollient milk for the face and hands; removes freckles, tan, redness, roughness, &c., and produces soft, fair and delicate skin.

Bottles 1s. 6d.; half-bottles 2s. 3d.

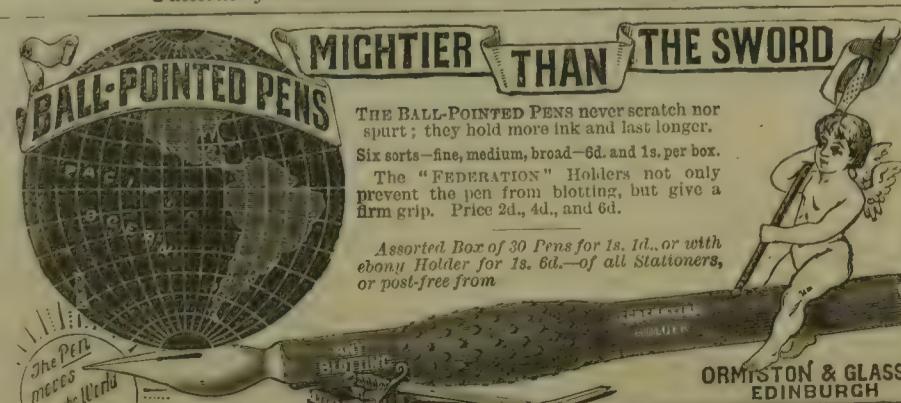
ODONTO a non-gritty Tooth Powder; whitens the teeth, prevents decay, sweetens the breath. 2s. 9d. per box.

EUKONIA a pure fragrant Toilet Powder in three tints—White, Rose and Cream. 2s. 6d. per box.

Ask Chemists for Rowland's Articles. Can be sent by post for 3d. extra to A. Rowland & Sons, 20, Hatton Garden, London.

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased Stability and greater Neatness to the Umbrella.

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.



Assorted Box of 30 Pens for 1s. 11s., or with ebony Holder for 1s. 6d.—of all Stationers, or post-free from

ORMISTON & GLASS EDINBURGH

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER and CO.'S LIST.
NEW SONGS, 2s. net post-free.LA CHARMANTE MARGUERITE.
Sung with great success by Miss Liza Lehmann
at the Monday Popular Concerts. In Two Keys,
D (compass A to F sharp) and E.MAGYAR SONG. Felix Semon.
The English words adapted from the Hungarian of
Yordzimany by Marion Chappell. "Mr. Santley
introduced a very clever and characteristic Magyar
Song by Dr. Semon. The conception is excellent,
and the theme of the Rite Koczy March is brought
in with good effect."—The Times.YOU ASK ME WHY I LOVE.
Composed by LAWRENCE KELLIE. Sung with
enormous success by Miss Lucille Stander,
Madame Bertha Moore, Miss Lena Law, and the
Composer. In Two Keys, E flat (compass B flat to
E flat) and F.DOUGLAS GORDON. Lawrence Kellie.
Will be Sung by Madame Belle Cole and the Com-
poser at all their Engagements this Season. Words
by F. E. Weatherly. Published in Three Keys, E
flat, F (compass D to F), and G.THE CHILDREN'S PILGRIMAGE.
Blumenthal's New Song.
In Three Keys, G, B flat (compass E to G), and C.ONLY ONE WORD. F. L. Moir.
Song with great success by Mr. Barton MacKinnon.
In Two Keys, B flat (compass E to G) and C.THE LIFTED VEIL. Joseph Barnby.
"A new song by this popular composer
heartily welcomed." Words by F. E. Weatherly.
Sung by Miss Meredith Elliott. Published in Two
Keys, E flat (compass B flat to C) and G.METZLER'S RED ALBUMS. 1s. each.
A New Series of Vocal and Instrumental Compositions
by Popular Composers.No. 1 contains Nine Songs for Mezzo-Soprano,
including "The Willow Song" (Arthur Sullivan), &c.No. 4 contains Six Compositions for Violin
and Pianoforte, including "Swing Song" and "Rêve
Charmant," arranged by Berthold Tours, &c.No. 7 contains Eight Songs for Contralto,
including "By the Sad Sea Wave" (J. Benedict), &c.
Each Number contains 32 pages, full Music size, and bound
in a special cover.

Price 1s. each.

List post-free.

THE WALTZ OF THE SEASON.
MEMORIES. Caroline Lowthian.
Played with great success by Mr. Liddell at all his
engagements.METZLER and CO. Solo Importers of the Celebrated
MASON and HAMLIN American Organs.
"Matchless," "Unrivalled," "So highly praised by me."—Franz Liszt.

MASON and HAMLIN American Organs.

HIGHEST AWARDS.
100 Testimonials. Prices from 2s to £100. Liberal
Discount for Cash. Illustrated List post-free.MASON and HAMLIN PIANOFORTES.
THE NEW UPRIGHT MODEL.
THE NEW BOUDOIR GRAND MODEL.
Improved method of stringing.METZLER and CO.'S BRASS, REED, AND
STRUNG INSTRUMENTS of Every Description.
List post-free.

METZLER and CO., 42, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, LONDON, W.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,
GOLD MEDAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

GOLD MEDAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1885.

PIANOFORTES FOR SALE at from 25 to 250 guineas.

PIANOFORTES FOR HIRE.

SMALLWOOD'S PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
Smallwood's Tutor Is the Best of all;
Smallwood's Tutor Is the Best of all;
Smallwood's Tutor Is the Best of all;
2s. 6d. net.—FRANCIS and DAY, 195, Oxford-street, W.ERARD'S PIANOS.—MESSRS' ERARD, of
18, Great Marlborough-street, London, and 13, Rue de Mail,
Paris. Makers to her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of
Wales. CAUTION the Public that Pianofortes are being Sold
bearing the name of "Erard" which are not of their manu-
facture. For information as to authenticity apply to 18, Great
Marlborough-street, where new Pianos can be obtained from 50 gu.ERARD'S PIANOS.—COTTAGES, from
30 guineas.
OBLIQUES, from 65 guineas.
GRANDS, from 125 guineas.

Founded, 1838; rebuilt, 1887.

MOORE and MOORE.—Pianos from 16½ gs.
to 108 gs. Organs from 7 gs. to 80 gs. Three-Years'
System, from 10s. 6d. per Month, or Cash. Lists free.
101 and 103, Bishopsgate-within, London, E.C.PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO.'S PIANOS.
EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE OR HIRE.
Illustrated Lists Free.
Sole Agency, 170, New Bond-street, W.MUSICAL.—Transpose your Songs by having
one of GEORGE RUSSELL'S PIANOS, which gives
you a choice of Six Half-Tones for every note of the keyboard.
Cannot possibly get out of order; Fifteen Years' Warranty.
In stock and several secondhand.2, Stanhope-street, N.W. (near Maple's).
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are
Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is
27, Baker-street, Portman-square, London, W.PIANOS, £15; PIANOS, £20; PIANOS, £25.
An opportunity now offers to those who are able to pay
cash of purchasing really good pianos by Broadwood, Collard,
Erard, and other good makers at nominal prices. Lists free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS AND
ORGANS.—Absolute Sale. New Partnership. Ten
years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas;
10 guineas; 12 guineas, &c.Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas.
American Organs, by all the best Makers. From 45 guineas
upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for my instrument
within three years if one of a higher class be taken and will
be exchanged free if not approved of within one month.
Illustrations and particulars post-free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Established 104 Years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE, OR PREPARED WHITE FULLER'S EARTH,
is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN
POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and
under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly pre-
scribed by the most eminent Dermatologists, and was
especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson,
F.R.S., and the late Dr. T. T. Fawcett. For general use it is
simply invaluable, and for infants, children, &c., it is
superior to any other powder. It is the best dusting-powder for infants,
children, &c. In the Nurseries of her Majesty the Queen, the
Duchess of Wales, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now ex-
clusively employed in the Nurseries of her Imperial Majesty
the Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Edinburgh, our own
Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of
Gloucester, and most of the Aristocracy. Recommended by
the Faculty. The eminent physician, Dr. Bouth, says:—"I
feel I cannot too highly recommend it."—Dr. Bainbridge. A lady writes:—"Here, in
India, for a prickly heat, I found it worth a guinea a tea-
spoonful." Post-free. Send 11 or 36 penny stamps.
Ask for "Taylor's on Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name
and Address are on every Parcel, and do not be persuaded to
take imitations.Introduced into medical practice and prepared by
JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

NEW MUSIC.

DORIS.

New Comedy Opera.
By B. C. STEPHENSON and ALFRED CELLIER,
Authors of "Dorothy,"
Now being Played at the Lyric Theatre
With Great Success.Vocal Score 5s. 6d.
Pianoforte Solo 3s. 6d.
Lyrics 6s. 6d.

SO FARE THEE WELL.

"I've sought the Brack and Bracken."
Sung by Mr. Ben Davies.

Twice Known.

LEARN TO WAIT.

Cavatina.
Sung by Miss Annie Albu.

Encored nightly.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE DOOR?

Sung by Mr. Arthur Williams.
Encored nightly.

LOVE IMMORTAL.

Sung by Mr. Ben Davies
with the Greatest Success.

THE JUG OF BEER.

Sung by Mr. Furneaux Cook.
Thrice recommended.

HONOUR BIDS ME SPEED AWAY.

Sung by Mr. Hayden Coffin
With Immense Success.

Price 2s. each net.

WALTZ, LANCERS, and QUADRILLE.

In the Press.

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS, by
KUHNE, BUXTON SMITH, SMALLWOOD, and CHARLES GODFREY, jun.

In the Press.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond-street; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

TOSTI'S LAST NEW SONGS.

VENETIAN SONG. TOSTI.
Sung by Miss Kate Flynn, MESSRS. COURTOIS,
POUNDS, ISIDORE DE LARA, REGINALD GROOME,
HIRWEN JONES, and FRED. KING.
Words by B. C. STEPHENSON.
In B flat. D flat. E flat and F.

EVER YOURS SINCERELY. TOSTI.

Words by Agnes Glave.
In E flat, F and G.

CARACCIOLI'S NEW SONG.

BESIDE THE WEIR. CARACCIOLI.
Words by BENTLEY KINGSTON.
In E and F.

MAUDE V. WHITE'S LAST NEW SONG.

COME TO ME IN MY DREAMS.

Sung by Miss Helen D'Alton, Miss Kate
Flynn, Miss Annie Dwellie, Miss Lucie
Johnstone, and Mrs. Osborne Williams.

ALFRED CELLIER'S NEW SONG.

SUMMER NIGHT IN MUNICH. SONG.

On Alfred Cellier's popular Waltz.
Arranged by E. Terry.
On "Summer Night in Munich" Waltz.
Just Published.
Each 2s. net.

FIRST AWARD TO CHAPPELL and CO.

FOR PIANOS, MELBOURNE INTERNATIONAL
EXHIBITION, 1889.CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIANOFORTES
FOR INDIA and THE COLONIES. Iron-framed and extra
screwed, from 3s Guineas. Testimonials and Lists, post-free.CHAPPELL and CO.'S IMPROVED IRON-
FRAMED COTTAGE PIANOFORTES. New Designs,
Marqueterie panels, &c., from 4s Guineas.CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIANOFORTES,
HARMONIUMS, and AMERICAN ORGANS for HIRE,
Sale, or on the Three-Years' System. New or Secondhand.COUGH and WARREN'S CELEBRATED
AMERICAN ORGANS, from 6 Guineas to 230 Guineas.
Pronounced by the highest judges to be superior to all others
in quality of tone. ILLUSTRATED LISTS, post-free.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond-street; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

KNIGHT COMMANDER of VILLA VICOZA, 1882.

GOLD MEDALS at the Principal International Exhibitions.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOFORTES
are for Sale, for Hire, and on the Three-Years' System. The
Perfection of Touch, Tone, and Durability.

18, 20, and 22, Wigmore-street, London, W.

THE GENTLEMAN'S NOTE.

A high-class Note-paper for Private and Professional use. Has a special surface to suit all pens.
See Watermark in Each Sheet.

THE GENTLEMAN'S NOTE.

Can be had of all Stationers.

1s. per Five Quire Packet.

Court or Heraldic Envelopes to match, 1s. per 100.

THE GENTLEMAN'S NOTE.

A high-class Note-paper for Private and Professional use. Has a special surface to suit all pens.

See Watermark in Each Sheet.

THE GENTLEMAN'S NOTE.

Can be had of all Stationers.

1s. per Five Quire Packet.

Court or Heraldic Envelopes to match, 1s. per 100.

CHOCOLAT MENIER in ½ lb. and 1 lb.
PACKETS.FOR BREAKFAST,
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.

Daily Consumption
exceeds 50 Tons.PARIS,
LONDON,
NEW YORK.

Sold Everywhere.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS

PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR LIVER.COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR BILE.COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR INDIGESTION.COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR HEARTBURN.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robart's AUREOLINE

produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.

Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all

principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world.

Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.

JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and MOTTO?

Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic
Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. PEDIGREES
TRACED. The correct colours for liveries, Arms of husband
and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-
plates engraved in mediaeval and modern styles. Signet rings,
18-carat, from 42s. to 25. Cranbourne-street, London, W.C.CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of CRESTED
STATIONERY—a Half-ream of BEST QUALITY Paperand SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped in COLOUR with
Crest or Address. No charge for engraving stencils. Wedding
and Invitation Cards, A card-plat and 50 best. Visiting
Cards, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 10d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 23, Cranbourne-
street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), London, W.C.AIX-LES-BAINS, SAVOY.—Rheumatism
cured. Most important of Continental Sulphurous Spas.
Eleven hours from Paris. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, and
catarrh of the pharynx, larynx, and nasal passages effectively
treated. The most celebrated doctors attend this luxurious
and curative station.LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and
Lucernehof. An extra floor and two new lifts added
to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 500
rooms; no charge for lighting or service.

HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.

VENICE.—Grand Hôtel d'Italie, On the
Grand Canal, close to the Square of St. Marc. Renowned
restaurant and brasserie adjoining the hotel. Substantial and
generous fare.

BAUER GRUNWALD, Proprietor.

MONTECARLO.

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is
one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots
on the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical
vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea
breeze. The beach is covered with the soft sand; the
Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and
there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with
every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort
in England.Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean
coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the
Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts,
Venetian Fêtes, &c.MONTE CARLO, for a summer stay, is
one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots
on the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical
vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea
breeze. The beach is covered with the soft sand; the
Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and
there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with
every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort
in England.Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean
coast which offers to its visitors the same

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 9, 1888), with two codicils (dated July 7, 1888; and Feb. 11, 1889), of Mr. George Parker, J.P., late of Lewisham House, Lewisham, who died on March 10, was proved on April 16 by Frederick Rich, Mark Noble Buttanshaw, and the Rev. William Hanson Jackson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £100,000. The testator bequeaths £400 each to the Royal Kent Dispensary, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £200 each to the Friend of the Clergy Corporation, the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, the City of London Truss Society, the School for the Indigent Blind (Southwark), the Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic (Queen-square), the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, St. Peter's Hospital for Stone (Barners-street), the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, the Surgical Aid Society, the Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the National Benevolent Society, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the Solicitors' Benevolent Society (Clifford's Inn), the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent-road), and St. Mark's Hospital (City-road); £8000 and two sums of £50 to Marian Rich; £1000 each to Lewis Parker, Robert Parker, William Parker, Harriet Parker, Eleanor Parker, Elizabeth Stilpath, and Charlotte Lowe; and other legacies to relatives and friends. He devises all his real estate to his two greatnephews, George Watson Trevor Parker and Harry Clifton Parker; and the advowson and right of presentation to St. George's Church, Perry Hill, to George Watson Trevor Parker. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one sixth thereof, to his niece, Anne May Haycock, another one sixth to Emma Jane Arbuckle, and the remaining four sixths to the four daughters of his nephew, Thomas Watson Parker.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Forfar, of Mr. Robert Stewart Menzies, M.P. for East Perthshire and a Magistrate for Forfarshire and Perthshire, late of No. 55, Upper Brook-street and Hallyburton, Coupar Angus, N.B., who died on Jan. 25 last, granted to John Graham Menzies, the executor dative qua, one of the next-of-kin, was resealed, in London, on April 16, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £99,000.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1876) of Mr. Alexander Beattie, J.P., formerly of No. 47, Redcliffe-square, S.W., and Dunedin Lodge, Folkestone, and late of Parkfield, Kingston Hill, Surrey, who died on Feb. 10, was proved on April 17, by Alexander Colpoys Beattie and John Labouchere Beattie, the sons, and executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £95,000. He gives £100 each to the Church Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society, and, subject to the life-interest of his wife, he appoints the sum of £30,000 between his children—Alexander Colpoys Beattie, John Labouchere Beattie, and Mrs. Theresa Mary Betts, his eldest son, Henry Richard Beattie, having been already provided for. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Jane Beattie, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1888) of Mr. Edwin James Grice, J.P., D.L., late of Beechwood, Reigate, Surrey, and The Fields, Newport, Monmouthshire, who died on March 9, was proved on April 13 by Mrs. Lucy Jane Grice, the widow, Henry Worton Elliott, and Thomas Keen, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £74,000. The testator gives

£1000 each to Henry Worton Elliott and Thomas Keen; £300 and his household effects to his wife; and, subject thereto, he leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and on her death to his only son, James Elliott Grice, absolutely. Provision is also made for his said son in case of his coming of age before the death of Mrs. Grice.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1889) of Mr. Robert George Clarke, late of No. 3, St. Albans-road, Highgate, who died on March 7, was proved on April 17 by Thomas Clarke Tatham and Cecil George Tatham, the nephews, and Edward Beaumont, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £49,000. The testator bequeaths £2000, all his fishing-rods and utensils, and the inkstand given him by the Duke of Cambridge, to his nephew, Colonel Walter John Tatham; £1000 each to his nephews Thomas Clarke Tatham, Cecil George Tatham, and Francis Henry Tatham; £250 to his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Charlotte Tatham; and other pecuniary and specific legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Tatham, for life; at her death it is to be divided into eight parts, and one of such parts is given to each of his eight nephews and nieces—viz., Thomas Clarke Tatham, Cecil George Tatham, Colonel Walter John Tatham, Francis Henry Tatham, Emmeline Susan Tatham, and the respective trustees of the marriage settlements of Mrs. Millman, Mrs. Beaumont, and Mrs. Simpkinson.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1881), with three codicils (dated July 23 and 26, 1884; and July 21, 1886), of Mrs. Dorothea Pike Scrivener, late of No. 20, Bryanston-square, and Sibton Abbey, Suffolk, widow, who died on March 3, was proved on April 15 by the Rev. Osmond Fisher and Miss Mary Cotton, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £44,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4500 to each of her nieces, Mrs. Mary Lewis, Fanny Mirehouse, Emma Mirehouse, and Mrs. Cecil Fisher; £2000 and an annuity of £400 to Mary Cotton; £300 to the Marylebone School for Girls, Marylebone-road; £200 to the Clergy Orphan Asylum, Lisson-grove; £100 to the Princess Helena College, Regent's Park; £400, upon trust, to apply the income in clothing twenty-four of the children attending the Sibton Free Schools, and other legacies. She gives all her books, plate, and the large locket containing the hair of Charles I. and Edward IV. as heirlooms, and these, with her house and certain land at Sibton, are to follow and be held upon the same trusts and conditions as her Sibton estate, which has been settled, by deed, on her niece Mrs. Elizabeth Levett. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said niece Mrs. Levett.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1887) of Mr. Francis Middleton, late of No. 178, Belsize-road, Hampstead, who died on March 4, was proved on April 8 by Mrs. Mary Rollo Middleton, the widow, Miss Anne Fowler Middleton, the niece, and William John Middleton, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator gives £500 to his sister, Frances Anne Middleton; his house, with the furniture and contents, to his wife; and legacies to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then, as to one seventh thereof for his nephew, William John Middleton; three sevenths between his three nieces, the daughters of his deceased brother, the Rev. William John Middleton; and the remaining three sevenths between the daughters of his brother, John Middleton, and his sister, Mrs. Bailey.

The will (dated May 8, 1874), with a codicil (dated Sept. 11, 1888), of Mr. James Rannie Swinton, formerly of No. 33,

Warwick-square, and late of No. 49, Harrington-gardens, who died on Dec. 18, was proved on April 16 by the Hon. Mrs. Blanche Arthur Georgina Fitzgerald Swinton, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £23,000. The testator directs that such of his ornamental china, glass, bronzes, and articles of vertu as his wife may not select are to be sold and the proceeds given to some charity or hospital, and, subject thereto, he leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death between his brothers and sisters, viz.—Archibald Campbell Swinton, Mary Campbell Swinton, Catherine Campbell Swinton, Mrs. Henrietta Davidson, and Mrs. Agnes Murray.

The Duke of Norfolk on April 29 laid the foundation-stone of a new Catholic church at Wareham. The church, which is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Brodrick, of Wareham, is to be of Early Gothic design.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey for May are as follow:—Sunday, the 5th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Venerable W. Lefroy, Archdeacon of Warrington, &c.; at seven p.m. in nave, the Rev. H. E. Ryle, Hulsean Professor of Divinity in University of Cambridge. Sunday, the 12th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Rev. J. Owen, Rector of East Anstey, Devon; at seven p.m. in nave, the Rev. Canon Bodington, Vicar of Christ Church, Lichfield. Sunday, the 19th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Dean (Queen's Westminster Volunteers to attend); at seven p.m. in nave, the Rev. John Richardson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham. Sunday, the 26th, at ten a.m. in choir, the Rev. W. M. Sinclair, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westminster; at seven p.m. in nave, the Bishop of Ripon. Archdeacon Farrar, as Canon in residence, is the preacher every afternoon at three in choir. On Wednesday, the 1st (S.S. Philip and James), the Bishop of Tasmania will be consecrated, the preacher being Archdeacon Farrar. Thursday, the 30th (Ascension Day), a service will be held in the choir at three, on behalf of the National Society; and at 7.30 in the nave, with the "Elijah," on behalf of the Westminster Hospital.

A quarterly court of subscribers to the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls was held on April 27, at Freemasons' Tavern—Mr. H. Brooks Marshall, treasurer of the institution, in the chair. In the course of the reading of the minutes by the secretary, information was conveyed to the meeting that, acting on the success of the Centenary Festival of the institution last year, when the Prince of Wales presided, and secured subscriptions considerably over £50,000, it had been resolved to enlarge the school premises at Battersea-rise, at a cost of £31,000, in order to extend the charity's benefits to a larger number of necessitous Freemasons. Mr. Marshall was re-elected treasurer, and it was then resolved to elect at that meeting twenty girls, in addition to the seventeen for whom there were vacancies in the course of the ordinary conditions of the school. Sir John Monckton, who moved the resolution, stated that Brothers Hunt and Clutton, the architects under whose advice the House Committee were acting, found that the arrangements of the establishment were of such a character that the whole of the new work could be conducted without removing a single pupil from the larger to the smaller building. Before the proceedings closed, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Brother Thomas Fenn, who had so arranged the conversion of the funds of the institution invested in Consols, that as much as £1000 had been saved to the institution.

BENSON'S BOND-STREET NOVELTIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST-FREE.



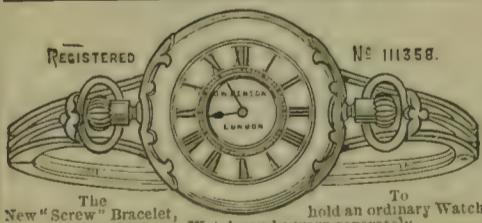
Gold, or Platinum and Gold Pencil Bracelet, £6.
Gold, or Platinum and Gold Bracelet, £4 4s. and £3 5s.
In Pearls, £7 5s.
In Rubies and Diamonds, £10.
Rd. No. 85893

A Magnificent Selection
of
Diamond Jewelry,
Stars,
Crescents, Aigrettes, &c.
On View.

A very large Stock of Silver Articles on view,
Suitable for Presents.



The Choicest Stock of Watch Bracelets
in London, from £6 6s. to £75.



The New "Screw" Bracelet,
£15 complete. Watch can be worn separately.
To be had only of J. W. BENSON. Clients' own Watches fitted.



ENGLISH KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETER.

Best London Make, for Rough Wear, Brightly sprung and adjusted to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially adapted for Hunting Men, Colonists, Travellers, Soldiers, and Sailors, from whom HUNDREDS of TESTIMONIALS have been received.

In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass 18-carat Gold Cases, £15; or Silver, £25.

The Hunting Editor of the "Field" says:—"I can confidently recommend Messrs. Benson's Hunting Watch as one that can be depended on."—Field, March 22, 1884.

THE "FIANCEE" JEWELRY. [REGISTERED] (BY J.W. BENSON)

Rec'd No. 103855

"The
True Lovers
Knot"

Rec'd No. 104709

Pearl and Diamond Brooch,
£10 10s. Bracelet, in Rubies
and Diamonds, £15.Brilliant Brooch, £3 3s.
Bracelet, in Brilliant, £3 3s.Diamond and Lucky Moonstone
Heart Brooch, £13 13s.Diamond Brooch, £5 5s.
Enamel Berries.

£12.

For Wedding,
Birthday, and
other Gifts.A large selection
of Novel and
Suitable Presents
on view

J.W. Benson Queen's Jeweller
(BY ROYAL WARRANT.)

25, OLD BOND-STREET, W.

BENSON'S WATCHES
ARE THE BEST TIMEKEEPERS.

PURCHASERS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD using these Watches under most trying conditions
testify to their strictly accurate timekeeping qualities.

BENSON'S

LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

Is fitted with a Three-Quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and with strong keyless action, thus making it the BEST and CHEAPEST WATCH EVER MADE AT THE PRICE, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to the Swiss Horizontal Watches sold by all other Firms. The Cases are 18-c.t. gold, very strong and well made, either Hunting or Half-Hunting, engine-turned, richly engraved all over, or plain polished with Monogram engraved free. Price £10; or, in Sterling Silver Cases, £5.

Silver Cases,



LADY'S GOLD FOB CHAINS,
to match,
from £1 15s.

Any of these Watches sent free, at our risk, to all parts of the world on
receipt of draft, cash, or P.O.O., payable at G.P.O.

Silver Cases,
BENSON'S
"LUDGATE."

Gold Cases,
BENSON'S
"LUDGATE."

Gold MEDAL,
INVENTIONS, 1885.

Gold MEDAL,
INVENTIONS, 1885.

J.W. Benson SOLE MAKER,
THE STEAM FACTORY: 62 and 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.;
And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND-STREET, W.

Excels all Others at the price for Accuracy and Value.
DESCRIPTION.—THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER WATCH (Patent No. 4658), of BEST LONDON MAKE, with chronometer balance, jewelled throughout, and Patent Protection from dust and damp. Keeps better time than, and is double the strength and value of any Watch made. Made in Four Sizes: Ladies; Gentlemen and Youths (as Illustrated); Working Men generally; and specially large and strong for Miners and Railway Men. In extra strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5 5s.; or in 18-c.t. Gold Crystal Glass Cases, £12 12s. Lady's Size, £10 10s.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford-st.
NEW SPRING GOODS
IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

NEW SILKS.

Rich Coloured SILKS and SATINS, for Court promenade, and bridal wear, 3s. 6d. to 1 guinea per yard.
Soft CHINA SILKS, 100 Shades, Eastern Colourings, sun-proof, 1s. 6d. per yard.
300 Pieces BLACK BROCADE and STRIPED SILKS and SATINS, special for present season, 2s. 11d. to 10s. 6d. per yard.
396 Pieces Coloured Pure SILK FAILLE FRANCAISE, rich cord, 3s. 11d. per yard, worth 4s. 11d.
100 Pieces New Shot ALL-SILK SURAH, specially cheap, 2s. 6d. per yard.
Extra Rich Quality MOIRÉ FRANCAISE, 86 Shades, 4s. 11d. per yard.
100 Pieces Black Pure SILK FAILLE FRANCAISE, the stock of a manufacturer, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per yard.
200 Pieces New Fancy Stripe SILKS, 1s. 6d. per yard, exceptional value.

NEW DRESSES.

25 New Colourings, in self-coloured, striped and Plain FOULE CLOTH, double width, 1s. 6d. per yard.
25 New Colourings in AMAZONE DRESS CLOTHS, double width, 2s. and 2s. 6d. per yard.
New DRESS CLOTHS, in choice colours, 3s. 6d., 4s. 11d., and 6s. 6d. per yard.
Stripe, Check, and Fancy SUITINGS, double width, from 1s. 6d. per yard.
New Bordered ROBES, from 18s. 6d. the full dress. Charming Designs in Broché, Striped, and Bordered ZEPHYRS.
Printed COTTON FOULARDS, 6s. 6d. per yard.
Plain ZEPHYRS, in 50 colourings, 6s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per yard, Over 200 designs in Cream and White WASHING MATERIALS, from 5s. 6d. per yard.
2000 White Embroidered ROBES, special purchase, 9s. 11d. to 10s. 6d. guineas.
New Hemstitched Embroidered ROBES, 20s.; very choice designs, 25s. 6d., 30s., 35s.

LADIES IN THE COUNTRY

Are respectfully invited to

WRITE FOR PATTERNS,

Forwarded free on receipt of postcard.
Sketches for making dresses, gratis.
Parcels over 20s. in value, carriage paid to any part of the kingdom.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford-st.

CARRIAGE ENTRANCE,
at 1 to 9, Great Portland-street, and 278, Regent-street (three doors north from Circus).

COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY, LIMITED.

By Special Appointment to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



"CLUB" CYCLES.

"Marlboro" Club, No. 1.
No. 2.
£18.



THE LEADING MACHINES

"Swift" Safety, No. 1.
No. 2.
£14 10s.

WORKS: COVENTRY. LONDON: 15 & 16, HOLBORN VIADUCT. MANCHESTER: 9, VICTORIA BUILDINGS.
Catalogues Free. Any Machine supplied on our GRADUAL PAYMENT SYSTEM.

SPRING FASHIONS FOR 1889.



PETER ROBINSON

MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

PETER ROBINSON'S COURT and FAMILY
MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

256 to 262, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM
Mourning Goods will be forwarded to any part of England on
approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent fitting
Dressmaker (if desired), without any extra charge whatever.
Address—PETER ROBINSON, Mourning Warehouse, Regent-st.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the
Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON,
upon advantageous terms, to Families. Good fitting Dressmakers
are sent to all parts of England with a full assortment of goods,
and to take orders, immediately on receipt of letter or telegram.
Regent-street, Nos. 256 to 262.

FRENCH and ENGLISH DRESSMAKING at
very moderate charges.

OUR SPECIAL "Good-Wearing" MAKES of
BLACK SILKS. A fresh delivery from "Como," 3s. 11d.,
4s. 6d., 5s. 9d., to 10s. 6d. Patterns free.

EVENING and DINNER DRESSES. A superior
and superb variety, all very moderate in price, varying
from 1 to 10 guineas.

NEW BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES. A
beautiful variety of New Designs from 1s. to 6 guineas.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH MILLINERY, entirely
New and Novel.

PETER ROBINSON, the COURT and GENERAL
MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
256 to 262, REGENT-STREET.

CARRIAGE ENTRANCE ALSO IN ARGYLL-STREET.

SPEARMAN'S SERGES.
FOR SPRING WEAR.

No Article woven for Ladies' Dresses equals SPEARMAN'S SERGES in general utility: they are woven in ROYAL NAVY BLUES, WOODED BLACKS, all plain colours and a variety of FANCY WEAVINGS. Prices, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s., 2s. 11d. the yard. For Children's wear, either Girls or Boys, they are most useful. Very excellent qualities are manufactured for Gentlemen's suits and Boys' hard wear, price, 54s. from 2s. 11d. the yard. Pray send for patterns direct to SPEARMAN'S, PLYMOUTH, who cut any length and supply Ladies and Gentlemen, and Families themselves.

SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH.

N.B.—By special arrangements, made to suit the requirements of our large trade, we are enabled to prepare the carriage of all parcels in Great Britain and Ireland. Export freights at low rates.

WORTH ET CIE.,
ARTISTES EN CORSETS.

"ART
STEPS
IN
WHEN
NATURE
FAILS."

CORSETS made from measurement, and specially fitted, from 2s. to 10 guineas.

CORSETS and SUPPORTING STAYS, for Deformities, Curvatures, Spinal Complaints, and Defects of the Figure, under medical supervision.

SELECTED FRENCH CORSETS, from 1 guinea.
Full Descriptive Circulars and Measurement Forms on application.

134, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

USE
F R Y ' S
PURE CONCENTRATED
C O C O A

To secure this Article, please ask for
"Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.

Caution to Parents.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients: hence frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS are FREQUENTLY POISONOUS, particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap very injurious to the Skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the Skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP

IS RECOMMENDED AS ABSOLUTELY PURE;

FREE FROM EXCESS OF ALKALI (SODA),

AND FROM ARTIFICIAL COLOURING MATTER.

IT IS DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED, REMARKABLY DURABLE,
AND HAS BEEN IN GOOD REPUTE NEARLY 100 YEARS,

AND OBTAINED

FIFTEEN International Prize MEDALS

FROM
Professor John Attfield,

Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

"I HAVE annually, for the past ten years, made an independent analysis of your TRANSPARENT SOAP, and have not found it to vary in quality or in composition. It contains neither excess of alkali nor of moisture, and it is free from artificial colouring matter. A BETTER, PURER, OR MORE USEFULLY DURABLE SOAP CANNOT BE MADE."

A. & F. PEARS,

Soap Makers by Appointment to H.R.H. the
Prince of Wales,71-75, New Oxford Street
(late 38 and 91, Russell-street),
LONDON, W.C.

Sold Everywhere, but INSIST on having the GENUINE.

PEARS'S SOAP
A SPECIALTY FOR THE COMPLEXION.

A SPECIALTY FOR INFANTS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Extraordinary efforts are being made to render the Paris Exhibition as complete as possible on the opening day, May 6, and Paris is busily making its toilette for the important occasion. M. Carnot, desirous that the poor should share in the impending national festivals, has forwarded 1000 francs to the Mayor of each of the twenty arrondissements of Paris for the poorest families. The Paris schools are to observe holiday. We give on another page an article by our Special Correspondent on the Exhibition.—The Duo d'Aumale for the first time attended the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences on April 27. The president, M. Bouillier, congratulated him on his return from exile, and on his being now a member of three of the five Academies which form the Institute.—The annual dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris took place on April 30 at the Hôtel Continental, Mr. Laurier, one of the members, presiding. Lord Lytton was a guest.

The King of Portugal received on April 25 a deputation of Oporto wine merchants, who have a dispute with the Government, and assured them that he would instruct his Ministers to see that justice was done to all the interests concerned.

The German Emperor went on April 24 to the little town of Schwedt-on-the-Oder, to take part in the bi-centenary of the famous regiment of Dragoons which bears its name, and the name of which is closely connected with some of the most shining deeds of the Prussian Army. At the festival banquet, his Majesty made a most martial speech. On the morning of April 26, the Emperor, in further execution of his programme of return-visits to the various Courts of Germany, left for Weimar to spend a day or two with his relatives there, his grandmother, the Empress Augusta, having been a Princess of Saxe-Weimar. The Grand Duke travelled to meet his Imperial guest to a station near Weimar, and conducted him into the capital amid much popular enthusiasm. In the Schloss the Emperor was assigned the suite of apartments which were occupied by Napoleon after the Battle of Jena. Soldiers and mounted yeomen of the neighbourhood escorted the Emperor from the station. In the course of the afternoon the Emperor visited the Goethe Museum, and after banqueting in the Schloss left with his hosts for the Wartburg (the famous old hill keep in the Thuringian Forest where Luther translated the Bible and threw his inkpot at the Devil) to enjoy some shooting, and then return to Berlin. On April 30 the Emperor, who was accompanied by the Empress, opened at Berlin the general exhibition of articles connected with the prevention of accidents and the saving of human life.—The dele-

gates of the Samoan Conference assembled on April 29 in the Congress Hall at Prince Bismarck's residence. It was resolved to maintain strict secrecy regarding the deliberations. Confidence is felt that the conference will have a successful issue. The group of Samoan or Navigator Islands, situated in the Pacific, consists of eight small islands.

The Emperor of Austria on April 27 received Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and subsequently drove alone to the Capuchin Church, where his Majesty descended with the father guardian into the vault containing the sarcophagus of the late Crown Prince Rudolph. Next day the Emperor paid a short visit to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, who is staying at the Villa Cumberland in the suburb of Penzing. The Emperor held his annual review of the Vienna garrison on April 30 on the plain of Schmelz in glorious weather.—The Catholic Congress was opened at Vienna on April 29.

On the afternoon of April 20 the Emperor, the Empress, and the Imperial Court went to St. Petersburg from Gatschina to be present at the religious rites and ceremonies of Easter, which this year falls at the same time in the Eastern and Western Churches. On April 22 his Majesty received the congratulations of the officers of the Guards in the Annichkoff Palace, and next day there was an Imperial review of the recruits and volunteers of last year's conscription in front of the Winter Palace. A large number of promotions and rewards is gazetted as Easter presents.

New York has celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of General Washington as first President of the United States. The city was gay with flags and decorations. The first day was favoured with beautiful weather. The naval parade took place according to programme, President Harrison passing through long lanes of shipping gaily decked with flags and streamers. The piers and wharves and the roofs of the buildings were thronged with people. The President landed amid great cheering and the firing of salutes, and, after lunching with the reception committee and the leading citizens, he proceeded along Broadway to the City Hall, where he held a public reception. The pavements along the road which the President took were packed with people, who cheered constantly. Thousands passed through the City Hall while he remained there, each shaking him by the hand. The Centennial ball, which was given at night at the Metropolitan Opera-House, passed off very brilliantly. President and Mrs. Harrison, accompanied by the Governor of New York State and the Vice-President and Mrs. Morton, arrived at the

ball at half-past ten, when he was formally received by the Mayor of New York. Early the next morning he went to the church which Washington used to attend, where a Thanksgiving service was held. Then followed commemorative speeches and addresses—including a poem by the veteran Whittier—on the steps of the Treasury Building in Wall-street, where Washington stood when he took the oath of office. Then 65,000 men marched past. In the evening the Centennial banquet was held. On May 1, the third day, there was an Industrial Parade of 75,000 people.

The Canadian Parliament has passed the extradition treaty which prevents criminals escaping from the United States from seeking refuge in Canada.—A train from Chicago, crowded with passengers, chiefly excursionists going to New York for the Washington centenary celebration, ran off the line near Hamilton, Ontario, on the night of April 28. Two persons were killed outright, and before the other passengers could be extricated from the wreck, the gas caught fire, and eighteen persons were burned beyond recognition, while twelve others were injured.

A curious exhibition took place on Easter Monday at Bouveret, on the Lake of Geneva. Messrs. Lever and Co., manufacturers of the famous "Sunlight Soap," invited all the "blanchisseuses" of Geneva, Lausanne, Montreux, and every other town on the shores of that romantic "Lake Leman," to a grand washing competition, with prizes, followed by an open-air banquet in the park of the Château de la Forêt. Two steam-boats were engaged to convey these skilful ladies to Bouveret, the whole company being about twelve hundred. A few at a time, ranged at the water's edge, each with her tub, implements, and linen to be washed, they did their best with the aid of the Sunlight Soap. One lady, Madame Lavois Sainte-Adelaide, was an elect delegate from the blanchisseuses of Paris, and she won the "prix d'honneur"; Madame Hubert, of Geneva, won the first ordinary prize. There was also a lottery for three who were to have the expenses of a holiday tour paid by the proprietors of the Sunlight Soap. M. Lavanchy-Clarke, representing that firm, superintended all the arrangements.

DEATH.

On April 22, at 11, Temple-Place, Earl's Court, after a short and painful illness, Edwina Lizzie, the beloved wife of James Robert Scott, aged 19 years. Deeply mourned.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 71,
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE FOR
MAY, containing THE COUNTY, Chaps. 16-20—THE
LAST OF THE SOUTHEYS—ATTABA BEVVI—VENICE
IN SPRING—ON AHEAD!—HOMeward Bound;
and
RIGHT AND LEFT.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo-place.

THE NEW GALLERY, REGENT STREET.
The SECOND ANNUAL SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW
OPEN from Nine till Seven. Admission 1s.; season tickets, 5s.
J. W. BECK, Secretary.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most
perfect fitting made."—Observer. Gentlemen des-
irous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should
try Ford's Eureka.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA. Six for 40s.
Illustrated Price-Lists and Directions for
Measuring free by post.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKAS, 30s., 40s.
the half-dozen. Celebrated for fit, durability, and
appearance. All double-stitched.
RICHARD FORD and CO., 41, Poultry.

SHIRTS.—OLD SHIRTS REFRONTED,
wrist and arm banded, fine linen, three for 6s.;
superior, 7s. 6d.; extra fine, 9s. Send three (not less
with case). Returned ready for use, carriage paid.
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

ABBEY WILLIS and CO., Wine Merchants.
Macrae's "F.B.O." Scotch Whisky, an exquisite blend
of Highland Malts made from the Finest Barley Only. Five
years old, 42s. per dozen. Catalogues and Samples at 32, Great
Tower-street, E.C.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at
reduced prices sent free on application to
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

THE WONDER (Regd.)—Send name and
address to RUMNEY, Royal Food
Mills, London, N. In return you will receive an interesting
book, all about the "Wonder Coach" (Enclose Advt.).—P. J.
Rumney.

HOOPING-COUGH.
CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without
internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W.
EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria-street, London,
whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.
The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn,
Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and safest aperient for
delicate constitutions, ladies and children. Of all Chemists.

IN
ONE
NIGHT.
CHILBLAINS, CHAPS, AND
LIGHT CUTANEOUS AFFECTIONS ARE
CURED by CREME SIMON, recommended by
all Doctors of Paris, and adopted by every
Lady of Fashion. Whitens and fortifies the
Skin, to which it imparts a fragrant perfume,
and gives a velvety appearance. Bottles,
4s. 2s. 6d.

J. SIMON, 36, Rue de Provence, Paris.
Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

NEVER
REQUIRES
GRINDING
REGISTERED
KROPP
REAL GERMAN HOLLOW-GROUND
RAZOR

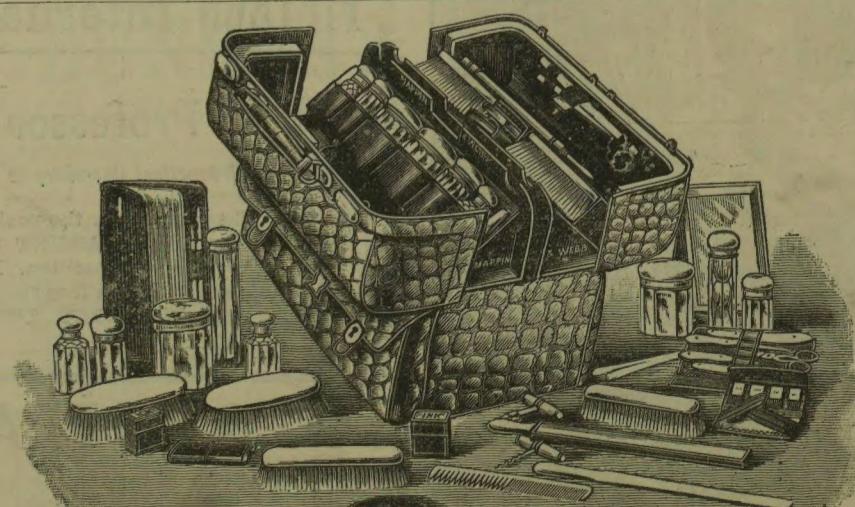
From all Dealers, or
direct from the English
Depot, 51, Frith-street,
Soho-square, London, W.

WOOLS & LADIES
The Providence Mills Spin-
ning Co., Bradford, Yorks, guar-
antee the full weight of 16oz. to the lb.
Their Wools & Silks are not weighted with
heavy dyes or chemicals, but are all of the best
quality and pure fast dye. Write for the Samples
(which may be kept without charge) and you will
at once see the advantages of buying direct
from the Spinner. 3d. saved in every lb.
The latest Novelty in Wools
real INDIAN KASHMIRY
(3 qualities) beauti-
fully soft and
warm.

VAN HOUTEN'S
PURE
Soluble
BEST AND
GOES FARTHEST. COCOA
EASILY DIGESTED.—MADE INSTANTLY.
LANCET.—"Delicate aroma."—PURE and unmixed."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"It is admirable."
"Flavour is perfect" and "so PURE."
HEALTH.—"PURITY is beyond question."
"ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED."

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEEPS, HOLLAND.

FOR THE
CURE OF
CONSTIPATION
AND ALL MALADIES ARISING THEREFROM:
HEPATIC COLIC, ENLARGEMENT
OF THE LIVER, APOPLECTIC
TENDENCIES, CONGESTION
OF THE BRAIN,
HÆMORRHoids,
MIGRAINE,
&c.
Certain Success from the Use of the
VICHY LAXATIVE POWDER
OF DR. LÉONCE SOULIGOUX.
Composed
entirely of
vegetable and aro-
matic powders; and its
use is absolutely harmless.
May be taken without inconvenience
by children, aged people, and those of weak
constitutions.
It is very
agreeable to the taste, and may be easily taken.
Wholesale Depot for the United Kingdom: BURGOYNE,
BURBIDGES & CO., 16, Coleman St., London. Retail by all
Chemists & Druggists. Price 2/6 per Bot. Paris, 6, Avenue Victoria.



MAPPIN & WEBB'S TRAVELLING BAGS & DRESSING CASE
with all their latest Improvements.
ILLUSTRATED BAG CATALOGUE (No. 2) POST-FREE.
OXFORD-STREET, W.; POULTRY (MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS), CITY, LONDON.

NUDA VERITAS HAIR
RESTORER.
What will Restore the HAIR OF YOUTH?
NUDA VERITAS.—NAKED TRUTH.
For 22 years it has never failed
to rapidly restore grey or faded
hair, either in youth or age.
It arrests falling, causes luxuriant growth, is permanent, and
perfectly harmless.

In Cases, 10s. 6d.; of all Hair-
dressers and Chemists. Circulars
on application.

Wholesale Agents: R. HOWDEN and SONS,
31 & 32, Berners-street, W.; and 91-95, City-road, E.C. London.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION
FOR RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO.
SPRAINS.
UNIVERSAL
ELLIMAN'S
EMBROCATION
BRUISES
CHEST COLDS
SORE THROAT from COLD STIFFNESS
1/1 1/1 1/1
Prepared only by ELLIMAN SONS & CO. Slough, Eng.

From a Clergyman. Sept. 10, 1888.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat and cold."

"On a Saturday evening I have sometimes felt a little sore throat, or have had a slight cold on the chest, in which cases I have rubbed in the Embrocation at night, put a piece of flannel over the part, and the next morning found myself quite recovered, and able to do a long day's work in Church and Sunday School."

An M.R.C.S. writes:—

"Colchester, Oct. 16, 1888.

"Many of my (human) patients use your Embrocation with benefit."

PIESSE & LUBIN
PERFUMERY FACTORY
from
every flower that
breathes a fragrance.
SWEET SCENTS
LOXOTIS OPOPONAX
FRANGIPANNI PSIDIUM
May be obtained
2 New Bond Street London

AN ENTIRELY NEW SOAP OF
GUARANTEED PURITY.

IVY
SOAP
FLOATS ON WATER.
Sold Everywhere.
4d. per Cake.

GOODWIN BROS., MANCHESTER.

Specially adapted for washing
Fine Linen, Laces, Silk Hose,
Infants' Clothing, and all
articles of fine texture and
delicate colour. For the
Toilet, Laundry, and all
domestic uses.

One Cake of "IVY" Soap
does three times the work of
ordinary Soap.

A small Sample Cake will
be sent POST-FREE, on re-
ceipt of Address, by the Sole
Manufacturers,

ENAMELLING WITH Aspinall's

Is "Pastime Passing Excellent?"

Shakespeare



She: "I intend but only to surprise him." *Timon of Athens* V.2
 He: "Wert thou thus surprised sweet girl?" *Titus Andron.* IV.1

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

Tins, 3s. and 1s. 6d., Post-Free. For Baths, 3s. 6d. and 1s. 9d., Post-Free, from ASPINALL'S ENAMEL WORKS, London, S.E. Pattern Card and List of Tints, &c., Free

IS BRILLIANT AND DURABLE AS MARBLE. Made in all Colours and Shades, is a welcome renovator and beautifier of everything. Transforms Furniture, Wicker, Glassware, Metal Work, &c., &c. N.B.—Faded Articles can be made into lovely ornaments. REJECTS POISONOUS IMITATIONS—ASPINALL'S IS SAFE AND CLEANLY.

THE RACES.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S



CELEBRATED BINOCULARS,

In Sling Cases. Unrivalled for Power and Definition.
New Illustrated Price-List Free by Post.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,
OPTICIANS AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS
TO THE QUEEN,

HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Branches: 45, Cornhill; 122, Regent-street;
Photographic Studio, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

Negretti and Zambra's ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of
Meteorological, Optical, Nautical, and Surveying Instruments,
1200 Engravings, price 5s. 6d.

Telephone No. 6583.

Telegraphic Address: "Negretti, London."

HAVE YOU
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, BRONCHITIS,
COLD, COUGH, OR A PAIN ANYWHERE?

Then get at once an

ALLCOCK'S
POROUS
PLASTER.

And when you ask for it see that you get it.
Insist on having

ALLCOCK'S. Take no other.

TIME-CHECKING MACHINES
FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Absolute Accuracy.
Great Economy.
CHECKS OVERTIME WORKED.
Indicating, Counting, and Clock-work Mechanism a Specialty.
EXPERIMENTAL WORK FOR INVENTORS CONDUCTED.
Patent Business transacted by
W. M. LLEWELLIN, C.E.
LEWELLIN MACHINE CO. BRISTOL.

Dr. Laville's Liqueur
(perfectly harmless),
GOUT THE UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR CURE OF & RHEUMATISM.

A single bottle sufficient for two to three months' treatment.

Price 9s., everywhere; or free by post (as well as the Pamphlet) of the Agents,

ROBERTS & CO., 76, New Bond-street, London.

CORPULENCY.

Recipe and notes how to harmlessly, effectually, and rapidly cure Obesity without semi-starvation dietary, &c. "Sunday Times" says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower but builds up and tones the system." Book, 116 pages (8 stamps).

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House,

27, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

MELLIN'S
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
FOOD.

KINAHAN'S
LL
WHISKY.

ANTI-CORPULENCE PILLS.
Dr. GORDON'S elegant PILLS cure Stoutness rapidly and certainly. State height and weight, and send 4s. 6d., 11s., or 21s., to Dr. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE

(LIMITED),
LATE A. B. SAVORY AND SONS,

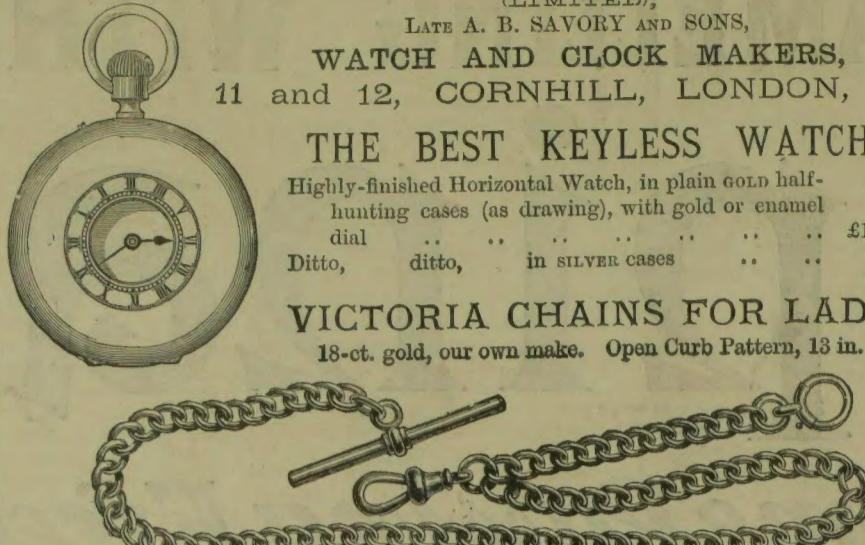
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKERS,
11 and 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

THE BEST KEYLESS WATCHES.

Highly-finished Horizontal Watch, in plain GOLD half-hunting cases (as drawing), with gold or enamel dial
£10 0 0
Ditto, ditto, in SILVER cases 3 10 0

VICTORIA CHAINS FOR LADIES.

18-ct. gold, our own make. Open Curb Pattern, 13 in. long.



Sizes at £3, £3 10s., £4, £4 10s., £5, £5 10s., £6, £6 10s., £7, £8, £9, £10 10s.

Illustrated Pamphlet, with Prices of Watches, Chains, Seals, Jewellery, and Clocks, of all the newest Patterns, forwarded gratis and post-free, on application.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS.

The GREAT REMEDY
for GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, and NEURALGIA.

The acute pain is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days by this celebrated Medicine.

These Pills, which are perfectly harmless, require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.

The Genuine EAU DE BOTOT

IS THE
only Dentifrice approved

BY THE

ACADEMY OF MEDICINE OF PARIS

The best preservative of the teeth
Specially recommended, with the

POUDRE de BOTOT au quinquina

for the preservation of the Teeth.

OF ALL PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, ETC.

Wholesale of R. HOVENDEN & SONS,

Berners Str. W. and City Road E. C. London

ED. PINAUD PARIS, 37, B^d de Strasbourg

ED. PINAUD's Celebrated Perfumes

Violet of Parma | Theod. ra

Ixora | Breoni | Aida

ED. PINAUD's QUININE WATER

The world renowned hair

tonic; prevents the hair from

falling off.

ED. PINAUD's IXORA SOAP

The best soap known.

PERFECTED IN ONE OPERATION
BY THE PROCESS INVENTED
BY MÜLLER IN 1802.
INCOMPARABLE,
PALATABLE,
PERFECT,
PURE,
OR
SENT
FREE BY
PARCEL POST
ONE BOTTLE 2/3,
TWO BOTTLES 4/-
BY PETER MÜLLER,
43, SNOWHILL, LONDON, E.C.
REG'D
MÜLLER'S
COD LIVER OIL
TRADE MK.
BY ALL
CHEMISTS, ETC.
CARTED BOTTLES
ONLY.

BE WARY OF RECENT
IMITATIONS! SO
EXTENSIVELY
PUFFED
NOW.

EMULSIONS—
CHEAP COMMODITIES
USUALLY CHARGED AT
THE PRICE OF PURE OIL.

A pure oil;
IT CONTAINS NONE
OF THE 80-80 PER CENT.
OF WATER NECESSARILY IN

OIL.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.

It is used as an inhalation, and without any after bad effects.

Among the thousands of testimonies the following will be read with interest:

"The only relief I could get..." "If I had known it earlier."

—Lord Beaconsfield
(in his dying moments).

"I have tried every remedy ever invented, and

HIMROD'S CURE is the only one in which I have absolute confidence." —Emily Faithfull.

"This is an excellent remedy for asthma." —Sir Morell Mackenzie.

(In his clinical lecture at the London Hospital and Medical College).

"I have used all remedies—HIMROD'S CURE is the best. It never failed." —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Trial samples free by post. In Tins at 4s. 6d.

British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

And also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Son, Lynch & Co., Fangers, and all Wholesale Houses.

IF PEOPLE KNEW HARNESSES' ELECTROPATHIC BELT

they would not lose a moment in procuring one. It cures almost all disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys. Those who have any doubt as to its remarkable Properties for Restoring Health to the Deteriorated Constitution, should write at once for Book of Testimonials, or call and examine the originals at the Institute of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). Advice, free of charge, personally or by letter.

WRITE FOR A BELT TO-DAY

before you forget it.

ADAMS'S
FURNITURE
POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND
BEST.

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.

Dec. 22, 1883.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,

Oilmen, &c.

FACTORY: VALLEY-ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

Allen & Hanburys'
"Perfected"

Cod Liver Oil

"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil." —Brit. Med. Journal.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsules Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Everywhere.

NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanburys' Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).

BYNIN, LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.